MOORE'S
RURAL NEW-YORKER
AGRICULTURE
HORTICULTURE
RURAL LIFE
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LITERATURE
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ARTS
NEWS

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FOUR CENTS.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

CHAS. D. BRAGDON, Western Corresponding Editor.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. As a FAMILY JOURNAL it is eminently Instructive and Entertaining—being so conducted that it can be safely taken to the Hearts and Homes of people of intelligence, taste and discrimination. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

AGRICULTURAL.

HARVEST NOTES.

FROM time immemorial harvest has been a season of labor and joy. While incessant toil is necessary to safely garner the crops, the farmer works with willing hands, and rejoices at receiving the reward of his labor—at another fulfillment of the old promise that "seed-time and harvest shall not fail." The new mown hay of the old meadow, and the sheaves and shocks of the harvest field, are among the earliest and most pleasant recollections of very many of our readers, who may now have little connection with rural pursuits. Everybody loves the hay-field; it is beautiful as a lawn, pleasant as a garden, and fragrant as a bower of roses; and no landscape painter would consider his summer picture complete without the harvest-field in the distance, with its waving grain and golden shocks. It is true we are losing much of the poetry of rural life, for the scythe has given place to the mowing machine; and even the cradle, which so unceremoniously pushed aside the sickle and the reaping-hook, has had to fall before the ponderous reaper. The descendants of RUTH—the beautiful gleaners—are only to be seen *occasionally* in the pictures that ornament our bank bills, and not in the field, for the iron fingers of the horse rake do the gleaning in these modern days. The tender-hearted farmers of to-day, therefore, need not scatter the grain with a charitable hand, for the benefit of blushing gleaners. It was only a few years ago that we were reminded of this primitive custom, as in Europe we observed it to be a general rule that, as the last wagon commenced loading, scores of women and children entered the field for the purpose of gathering up the fallen grain, and a few seemed to engage in the work more for pleasure than profit.

The harvest in this section is quite backward, at least three weeks behind the usual season. The weather is now favorable for hay-making, though cool, and farmers are improving it. In a few days from our present writing most of the grass will be cut. We judge from a recent inspection, that new meadows in this section will give a good average yield. In some sections of this State, and particularly east of this, we learn that not more than half a crop will be obtained. Wheat is about ready, and before this paper reaches most of our readers, will be harvested, and we hope safely stored. The crop is much better than could have been anticipated early in the season. A little rust made its appearance in some fields a few weeks since, but not enough to do material harm, as it was checked very speedily by the cool, clear air that followed. The *midge* has almost disappeared. We have only been able to find an occasional insect where two years ago we could have found millions. So far as we can learn, this is true of all regions affected with that destroyer of our wheat crop.

Oats are looking well, but it is sad to observe the increase of foul weeds, especially Canada thistles, among this and other grain crops. Would not hand weeding be a paying work? We ask this question in the full belief that a fair trial will furnish an affirmative answer.

But little now remains for the farmer to do toward making the summer's campaign successful. Where possible the cultivator should be kept moving. Plowing among corn so late in the season, some think injures the roots, but the cultivator will do no harm—on the contrary, a great deal of good. Every gardener knows the good effects of removing the old dry earth from around a choice plant and replacing it with new, fresh, damp soil. The result is just as favorable with corn, as any one can ascertain by a fair trial. A little help as the plant is about to commence the great object of its existence, the formation of seed, is of great service. Of the truth of this, any one will be convinced by applying liquid manure to corn when the tassel is fairly out, and observing the difference in size of ears and amount of grain produced. As a preventive of the evil effects of drouth, there is nothing like stirring the soil and keeping it at all times in fine tilth. If the ground is well pulverized to considerable depth, and kept friable, none of our crops will suffer in the least by any ordinary "dry spell." A good turn with the cultivator, or a thorough hoeing, will do a crop more good than a heavy shower.

Buckwheat may give a good crop, if sown at once, though it is rather late. We have seen many fields sown after the first of August yield well, and this may be done if the season is favorable and frosts do not set in too early. About a bushel of seed is generally sown to the acre, though where the soil is good three pecks is sufficient.

The *White Turnip* may be sown any time in the early part of August, but it is best to get it in as soon as possible. Have the ground in fine tilth, and sow broadcast some two pounds of seed to the acre, or, better, drill in about half this quantity, in rows from one to two or more feet apart. If the hoe is depended upon for cleaning, from a foot to eighteen inches will answer; but otherwise, sufficient space must be left between the rows to admit of the use of the cultivator. As soon as the plants are up, give them a dressing of plaster or ashes. This will hasten their growth when young, which is a great point in turnip-growing. If the fly appears, sow ashes or plaster on the leaves when wet with dew, and keep at it until the plants are out of danger, which will be soon after they get the rough leaves. When safe from the fly, if sown broadcast, thin out with the hoe to about six or eight inches apart, and if drilled, about the same distance in the rows. If the season is dry, hoe frequently. In this way a good crop of turnips can be grown almost any season; but if the seed is sown and the plants left to themselves, it is only in very wet seasons that a crop can be secured.

Weeds are now in flower in almost every public road, in the corners of the fences, and everywhere. The Canada Thistle is a pretty flower, very fragrant, and we have discovered a white variety, but we hardly think it worth while to grow seeds on a large scale, for the demand will not be great nor the price remunerative. Seeds enough will be grown in the State of New York the present summer to seed the world in five years, if judiciously scattered. We would therefore advise farmers to cut down their thistles in flower. They will never pay for harvesting. Those whose duty it is to see State and Town laws enforced in regard to cutting weeds by the roadsides, should attend to their work at once. The White Daisy is very much on the increase, and this and the little Yellow Snapdragon have about destroyed many of the meadows in the eastern part of the State.

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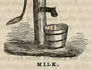
THE DAIRY.—No. X.



MILK.

THE above cut embodies the popular belief in regard to milkmen. Indeed, to "cheat like a milkman" has long since passed into a proverb, and applies to that class of cheating where everybody expects it and nobody is disappointed, unless it becomes too bare-faced.

In making a bargain once with a city milkman, I stipulated that he should not put over half water to the milk he sold me. The fellow of the can and cup was quite indignant that I should suppose it even possible for him to put *any* water in the milk. For a week or two my wife got a very fair show of cream for her tea and coffee, but before the month was out I called my gentleman in one morning and inquired if he recollected the bargain. He thought he did. I showed him the milk left the day before, and submitted to his own honor to decide if it had not been broken. He acknowledged the corn, but excused himself by saying that he had a larger demand than usual that morning, pumped a *little* water into one of his cans, and he must have served me out of it by mistake! We always had good milk after that, and a very fair show of cream. The fellow got rich, built a fine house, and his family take on airs equal to the rich grocers who live in the splendid mansions on the other side of the street. How much is due, in either case, to the "iron-tailed cow," I do not pretend to say.

The adulteration of milk sold in large towns is extensively practiced. Of the twenty odd millions of gallons sold annually in this State, at least one quarter is water, added after the milk has been drawn from the cow. The adulteration is regulated very much by the price and demand. If milk brings but ten or twelve cents per gallon, not over ten per cent. of water is added; at sixteen cents the water reaches about fifteen per cent.; and when it brings twenty cents and upwards, at least one quarter, or twenty-five per cent., is added. When they increase the water beyond that point, starch, chalk, and sugar have to be mixed with the water, and the milk deposits a thicker sediment on the bottom than it ever raised skum at the top. The producers often make very queer excuses and explanations for tampering with their milk. Last summer I happened to be among the farmers on Long Island, large numbers of whom furnish milk to the dealers who supply the cities of Brooklyn and New York. Said I to a Quaker-looking farmer who brought his cans to the depot where I was standing,

"I suppose, my friend, from your looks, that *you* sell pure milk."

"Yea," was the very demure answer, though there was a peculiar twinkle to his little gray eyes.

"But," said I, "don't any water get into the milk after it gets into the cans?"

"Thee is inquisitive," said my friend.

"But I am a farmer, live off in the Western part of the State, and would like to know all about this business."

"Well, I never put any clear water in my milk."

"But you do not use muddy water?"

"Nay, verily, by no means. Thee knows that milk sticks to the pail, and in the course of the year it would be quite an item, so we rinse out the pail every time we empty it, and strain that into the can."

I did not inquire how much water it took to rinse out the pail each time, as my friend might consider it a leading question.

Of another farmer who lived up in Putnam county, near the Harlem Railroad, I inquired how he managed to sell only pure milk. "Oh! it's very easy," said he. "When we rinse out the cans, we take care, if they should be a little *damp*, not to wipe them out, but strain the milk right in."

To another, who is on the same road, in Dutchess county, who had a nice spring near his yard, I said: "This spring is dangerously near your cows."

"Not the slightest danger," said he; "I always keep my cows shingled, and cover their bags with India rubber, for fear the water might some way get into the milk." However, I did not see the shingles or rubber.

If pure water were the only element used in adulterating milk, no serious damage would be done beyond defrauding the customer out of his just due. But there are many ways of adulteration which are more exceptionable. Distillery milk, of which a good deal is sold in nearly all cities, especially in New York, Brooklyn and Buffalo, is worse than any that is directly adulterated, for it is drawn very largely from diseased cows.

In all large cities, when the demand becomes extensive, as in New York, it is next to impossible to meet it. Various attempts have been made to introduce it in a consolidated form. The latest is that of BORDEN, which is said to be partially successful. The milk is mixed with sugar and boiled down to a powder. It is a very good substitute, and far preferable to the milk and water which one generally gets for tea and coffee. When people are willing to pay for a pure article in this shape, the town will be much better supplied with a pure and wholesome article.

The consumption of a city will reach about one quart to four persons. To supply New York alone, would require about 50,000 gallons daily. And if we take the whole urban population of this State at two millions, which is probably an under estimate for those who buy their milk daily, it would require about 125,000 gallons per day. Or, the whole land of one of our best counties would barely suffice to keep the cows that would be required to furnish the people who depend upon the milkman for their milk.

Railroads have wonderfully benefited the cities by the facilities furnished for an increased supply of milk; but from the perishable nature of the article and its cheapness, it can only be drawn from a limited extent of country. Seventy miles by rail is as far as it can well be carried, and from one to five miles by wagon is about the usual distance. A railroad, then, can only draw from seventy miles in the country, and from a strip each side of not exceeding five miles, or from a region of country ten miles wide by seventy long. The average is but about four miles by sixty.

When we consider how much is paid for the products of the cow in butter, cheese and milk, each year, it may well be doubted whether she is not the most valuable of all our domestic animals. Therefore let every man who keeps a cow take the best of care of her.—P.

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EUROPEAN AGRICULTURE.

French Model Farms.

A CORRESPONDENT of the N. Y. *Evening Post*, writing from Paris under date of July 3d, says that the Emperor is unremitting in his endeavors to induce the French agriculturists to adopt the improved methods which enable England, with a soil naturally poorer than that of France, to produce on an average four-fifths more per acre than is obtained here. In almost every one of the departments he is purchasing estates, which he causes to be cultivated in the best English style, with the aid of imported English and American machinery, and all the newest improvements in the way of draining, manuring, fences, alternation of crops, grazing and so forth. To these "model farms," supplied with the best implements and the finest stock, access is free to all who apply for a card of admission; every species of information concerning measures adopted on the estate, amount of outlay, &c., is given to inquirers by persons employed for the purpose, milk and other produce being sold in small quantities, at prices carefully calculated on the cost of production, thus enabling visitors to judge for themselves of the quality of the result obtained, and of the ratio of outlay and profit involved in their production.

Productiveness of Fowls.

A FRENCH journal states that experiments to ascertain the comparative productiveness of the different breeds of poultry were made last spring in the Zoological Gardens of the Bois de Boulogne. The number of eggs laid by the fowls in that establishment has been immense, and the sale of them produced in April the sum of 3,083f. It appears that the Asiatic breeds of Nankin and Brahmapootra are the best layers; the French Crevecœurs come next; the Houdans third; the La Fleche fourth; and after them the Dorkings and a Dutch breed. The Nankins and Brahmapootras are also remarkably precocious, and according to some breeders they begin laying in February, and keep on almost to the end of the year.

To Prevent Rot in Dwelling Houses.

IN a recent issue of the London *Builder*, we find the following rules given to prevent the ravages of dry rot in dwellings:

Make two or more openings in the external walls, and put gratings in them to keep out vermin from below the basement floor. Insert a tile pipe into the fire wall, with one end open to the space below the floor, and carry the pipe up the center of the fire wall as close as possible to the fireplace and out at the chimney head. The air in the pipe will be rarified, being in close contact with the fire flue, thus causing a continuous upward flow, sweeping the space below the floor of all foul air, which, in my opinion, is the chief cause of dry rot. The whole of the apartments in the house may be ventilated by means of this pipe, by inserting a tube into it at the level of the ceiling, with a valve in it to prevent down draught. I have adopted this system for the last ten years, because I know of no better.

Lampas in Horses.

THE London *Field* relates the manner in which a cure of this disease was effected by homeopathic treatment, in the case of a valuable carriage horse:

The animal had been suffering from the disease for some time before the servant mentioned that it was ailing. An allopathic veterinary surgeon who was consulted, declared that *it was impossible to remove the diseased part except by cutting and burning.* This we refused to permit, and began to treat it with homeopathic remedies, but, owing to our want of skill, without any success; the horse became daily worse; the palate and gums were so swollen as to prevent the power of mastication, and were like a white sponge. In this emergency we took the liberty of consulting a clever homeopathic M. D., who advised us to try RHUS TOXICODENDRON α, five drops in half a pint of water, twice a day. In sixteen hours from the first dose, there was an improvement in the *color* of the gums and palate. The following day the swelling began to subside, and in seven days the creature was quite well, and has never since that time (a period of two years and a half) had any recurrence of the ailment.

Destroying Canada Thistles.

PROF. BARKMAN has been giving his views concerning this pest through the *Irish Farmers' Gazette*, and we condense therefrom. The Prof. says:

This plant, as all our farmers know, is very difficult to eradicate, on account of the very succulent subterranean stem, called by botanists *rhizoma*. From the well known fact of the increase of this plant by means of the underground growth, the cultivator often concludes that it is only propagated in this way, and Curtis, the author of *Flora Londinensis*, entertained the same opinion. However, as we had reason to suspect some fallacy in this, we collected some seeds and planted ten in a pot, every one of which germinated. We are therefore of the opinion that the Canada thistle is annually produced from seeds to an enormous extent; but so small is its first year's growth above the ground as hardly to attract notice; while the underground growth is preparing small buds which make a complete colony the second year. It happens fortunately that much of the seed of this plant is eaten by a weevil, and that which arrives at perfection is a favorite of small birds, and particularly of the finches.

To destroy thistles of this kind in a meadow, we should take care never to let the leaves, which are the lungs of the plant, have time for their growth; as soon as we see them we should trample them under foot or hammer the young buds to bits, with something like the old "clod beetle," the object being to bruise them, which is better than cutting them with a sharp instrument, as every gardener knows that clean wounds heal more readily than contused ones. If this be continued with the thistles, the stem will gradually die.

The Weather and Crops.

THE editor of the *Irish Farmers' Gazette*, under date of July 6th, from personal observation, and information furnished by correspondents, states that the aspect of the various crops, with some exceptions, is very cheering. The wheat crop, though not occupying so great a breadth as would be desirable, is looking remarkably well, and for the greater part shot into ear. The other day, when witnessing the trial of implements at the Model Farm, we remarked that the Chiddam wheat was shot into ear, but had several heads of the dust brand amongst it, and looked delicate in color; while a new variety, of which we have not yet learned the history, growing beside it, was free of dust brand, of a dark green color, and not only in ear, but in flower. Oats are likely to turn out a superior crop, shooting fast into ear, and, as usual with this crop, making abundant straw. Barley, in some districts, is looking well; in others it has suffered from the late drouth, and looking delicate.

Early meadows have suffered from the drouth, and in some cases will be a light crop; but late ones are now beginning to flourish from the copious rains we have been blessed with. Potatoes are looking remarkably well, and promise well, if they only escape the usual blight. Swedes are now beginning to push on rapidly, and have not been visited with the fly as destructively as in some past years. Mangels look badly, the seed lying in the ground so long without vegetating; but we have seen good crops produced after similar circumstances, and expect, from the warm state of the ground, and the copious rains that have fallen, that they will now come away rapidly, and make up for lost time. On the whole, the farmers' prospects at this period are most hopeful, and we trust to a beneficent Providence they won't be disappointed.

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CLOVER AND TIMOTHY.—THAT COW.

MR. MOORE:—On page 230, RURAL NEW-YORKER, I notice "Comparative Value of Clover and Timothy Hay." The reason that clover hay is more valuable in Scotland and England is this. There they cut it before any of the blossoms begin to fade; here, I am sure nine-tenths, if not ninety-nine in a hundred, allow it to stand until a large majority of the blossoms are dead, when it is worthless for hay. True, it will keep stock alive, if they get enough of it; but if hay is not cured so that it will improve stock, it is a dead loss to feed it to them. Clover cut at the right time, and properly cured, will make cattle and sheep fat, and a tun of clover hay of that kind is better to me than a tun of timothy, but the hay must be put on the scales and weighed—not guess-work on the wagon. It takes nearly double the bulk of clover hay to make a tun that it of does timothy. Many times I have written that clover ought to be cut before the blossoms begin to die; but very few, if any, believe me, as I can see very few that put it in practice.

There has been some grand mistake in weighing that cow H. T. B. tells us about. I have known a yoke of oxen, driven six miles, lose two hundred and eighty pounds in weight, because they had been stuffed with feed and water, or salt and water, when first weighed. There has been something wrong in weighing the cow, or else a mistake made. I have seen a mistake of a hundred pounds made when not intended. A 1,500 ℔ cow, weighed at sundown and kept from feed and water until sunrise, will lose 45 to 55 ℔s. Yours truly, JOHN JOHNSTON.

Near Geneva, N. Y., July, 1861.

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NOTES FROM SOUTHERN CAYUGA.

FOR the past week or two the weather has been anything but favorable for hay-makers. Since the second of July there has been no lack of rain—before that time crops suffered for the want of it. During a short drive — Saturday, 20th — we found considerable grass had been cut — most of it still out, and a prospect of its remaining out for some time. It must be more or less damaged by the heavy rains. If hay caps are a protection against the wet — come fully up to the recommend—we believe it would be good economy for farmers to use them more generally. Good bright clover and timothy is much better for horses and cattle than when weather-beaten and musty. Have heard some complaints among farmers, that their grass is not as good as last year; but from observation, and the growth on our own farm, think it quite as good. We have a clover field which shows a much heavier growth than for many years. It was newly seeded, and not pastured last fall, which we think an advantage. It *may* do to pasture old meadows. People complain of short hay crops—think the season bad — when if they would look back, they will see that as soon as the crops were harvested, a drove of cattle were turned in, to eat and trample the clover down until winter. What little is left is winter killed, and then we hear complaints of short hay crops. Would it not be well to see how much *we* are to blame before we think the season unfavorable?

Wheat harvest has commenced; no complaint of insect. The specimens we have seen were very nice and plump. This crop in this section will be very much behind last year. Too little pains were taken last fall to sow wheat. Where it was done extra nice, an extra crop may be anticipated. We notice farmers are returning to summer fallowing. One of our progressive farmers has twelve or fifteen acres, which he has covered over with manure — intending to plow it twice more — which is somewhat different from the way ground was prepared last fall.

Spring grain looks first rate. A very large breadth has been sown. Corn has made rapid progress since the first of the month, and a good crop is anticipated. Passing by a large field, in which the tassels were almost ready to show themselves, a friend remarked that he had a piece planted the fourth day of June, as large as that. We make this digression to show the kind of land we have in this section.

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The wool market is dull. We have heard of but few sales. From twenty to thirty cents is the range; thirty-five to twenty-eight cents for medium grades. There is no competition, and what few buyers there are have it their own way. A neighbor told me this morning that he had sold his wool for 30 cts — last year for 45 cts. Presume most of the small clips will be bought at present prices, but the large dealers will wait for an advance. If they are waiting for a demand for army cloth, to raise the price of wool, we fear they will be disappointed, (as present prospects seem to indicate more of a rise in *shoe leather.*

Genoa, N. Y., July 22, 1861. A.

KANSAS — CROP PROSPECTS, &c.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER: — Occasionally I see short communications from farmers in different localities, giving the crop prospects, etc., of their several sections, which no doubt prove very interesting and gratifying to the readers of your very excellent journal. As I see no one as yet has spoken for Kansas, I have concluded to do so, and will say that our prospects for abundant crops in Western Kansas, (and in fact in every portion of our young State, from which I have any information,) cannot be excelled any where. Our wheat and oat crops are harvested and cared for. Our fall wheat is very good. Some spring wheat was rather light, owing to its being sown too late; early sown is a fair yield. Corn, potatoes, and vegetables generally promise an abundant yield. Heretofore I have been acquainted some with farming in Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois, and am certain I never saw better crops grow any where than in Kansas the present season. As to pumpkins, melons, squashes, and the entire vegetable tribe, their number is legion — as no soil within my knowledge surpasses Kansas soil in the production of those articles.

It seems as though the drouth of the past season will have a beneficial influence on the Kansas farmers, for it has had a direct tendency to stimulate them to more vigorous action in the Science of Agriculture. It seems every foot of available land was the present season brought under cultivation. Thousands of acres of the "virgin soil" were broken and planted, and the result is a large amount of our land is placed under cultivation, and our farmers seem to vie with one another who shall have the largest and best cultivated crops. Another important item is, all our seed the present season was obtained from different localities, and mostly of an excellent quality. This will enable our farmers not only to produce a large surplus, but afford a favorable opportunity to test the different varieties. I will say now to the industrious and go-ahead people of the *East,* who design removing West, that Kansas, unsurpassed for health and fertility of her soil, presents inducements to the farmer, mechanic, and laboring man, greater than any of her sister "Far-Western States." We shall have a large surplus of grain and provisions, and thousands of acres of as fertile lands as ever lay out of doors are yet unoccupied, — well watered, plenty of timber and stone, for building purposes, and more healthy than any of the Western States, with a rich and boundless pasturage, unequaled any where.

Kansas is destined to be a great horticultural and stock-raising country, as well as an agricultural one. Plums, grapes, raspberries, gooseberries and mulberries grow wild here in profusion. We say, then, to the industrious and energetic people of the East, (I mean farmers, for we have plenty of lawyers and doctors,) come out and examine Kansas for yourselves and see whether this is an exaggerated account of it or not. WM. H. MCKINLEY.

Kenton, Kansas, July 15, 1861.

CHEESE-MAKING IN ONEIDA COUNTY.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER: — In looking over my RURAL I saw an article headed "How Swiss Cheese is made," and thinking perhaps some of your many readers were not aware that similar establishments existed in this country, I send the following account of one which may not prove to them uninteresting.

At a place called the "Ridge," 1½ miles from the village of Rome, JOHN O. FRAZEE and JOSIAH CROSBY have erected a *Cheese Factory.* This Factory is at the bottom of a small hill, from which gushes one of the coldest and clearest springs in the county of Oneida. They are making up the milk of 30 different dairies. The milk (about 1,000 gallons per day) is brought to the Factory morning and evening, and emptied, by means of tin tubes, into a large can where it is measured, and then conveyed by another tube into two large tin vats below, holding over 500 gallons each. These tin vats are set in wooden ones, leaving a space of about 2½ inches, under and around which flows the water. The milk is cooled down to 68 degrees before leaving them, and is then considered safe, the water being left running all night. The morning's milk is emptied, in the same manner, with the milk of the previous night.

We learned from Mr. and Mrs. J. C. SMITH, who have charge of the making and curing of the cheese, and are classed among the best cheese makers in the State, the following particulars in regard to their manner of making cheese. The milk is set at 83 degrees, rennet enough being put in to have the cheese ready to cut in 45 to 50 minutes, when it is cut in blocks about an inch square, to allow the whey to rise. They scald three times — the first scald is 88°, the second 94°, the third 98°, which is the highest they ever scald. For every 100 lbs. of curd 2½ lbs. of salt is used. The curd when done is dipped into a large sink, which stands upon a railway, and run into the press room, (which adjoins the work room,) and dipped into the hoops eight in number, (that being the number of cheeses now made per day.) The work room is 26 feet square and very airy. The cooking of the curd is done by means of a steam engine, the steam being conducted through iron pipes, which run into the wooden vats containing the water. The pipes after entering the vats branch off, running down either side, holes being pierced in the pipes, allowing the steam to escape so as to produce an even heat the whole length of the vat.

The Curing House is 100 feet long by 26 feet wide, and two stories high, with open basement, to allow a free circulation of air. On the lower and upper floors are a number of trap-doors for ventilation, the draught from the basement driving the foul air upward, through the latticed cupolas on the roof of the building, leaving the cheese free from mold. There is now in the room over 500 cheeses, weighing from 100 to 185 lbs. each, — 88 lbs. of cheese being made from 100 gallons of milk, *wine measure.* Each person is credited daily with the amount of milk brought, and also the cheese produced, and in the fall, when the cheese is sold, each person gets his share of the price, in the proportion his milk bears to the aggregate amount of cheese made. The Factory gets one cent per pound for making up the cheese. The cheese produced is of the best quality, and must prove a good investment to those sending their milk to be made up. Dairymen, and all others interested in cheese, would do well to pay this Factory a visit. A. H.

Rome, Oneida Co., N. Y., July, 1861.

FATTING SWINE. — WATER FOR SHEEP.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER: — Supposing you like to have every one's experience in all things pertaining to farming, I give mine in relation to fattening hogs. Last fall I saw in the RURAL that a farmer said he had proved by experience that hogs would fatten faster, and on a considerable less amount of corn, without drink, so I thought I would try the experiment. I fed sixteen shoats on dry corn for nearly two months without water. They acted like crazy creatures, and a common rail fence would not stop them. They ate but little corn, and I think did not gain a pound. I then gave them all the water they wanted, and I could see they commenced gaining immediately, and were as contented as any hogs. I have proved, to *my* satisfaction, at least, that fattening hogs require water.

I am a young farmer just beginning with a large flock of sheep, and have been to considerable expense to furnish them with water in winter. Now I wish to inquire of sheep-breeders through the RURAL whether sheep will do as well in winter without water as with, and whether it is the general practice to supply them with it, or not. A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

Dodge's Corners, Wis., 1861.

The Bee-Keeper.

Those Movable Frames Again.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER: — A great deal of discussion has of late been had, through various channels, in reference to the validity of the Langstroth patent upon Movable Frames for bee hives. Not long since an article in the New York *Tribune,* referring to a suggestion of Mr. SOLON ROBINSON, published in the Albany *Cultivator* in 1840, looking in the direction of movable frames for single sheets of comb, has excited some interest. More recently, a writer appears in the RURAL, laboriously striving to show that Mr. LANGSTROTH only is entitled to the credit of introducing movable frames, &c.

Since there appears to be a *question* in the minds of some as to who first invented movable frames for single sheets of comb, I purpose to devote a few moments to the subject, quoting such authorities as are at hand, including Mr. LANGSTROTH himself, so that your many bee-keeping readers who are not interested in a patent, may be able to judge in the matter for themselves.

In the first place, it is conceded that a *bar hive* has been in use for more than a hundred years. These bars were made exactly like the top piece of Mr. L.'s frames, and resting on rabbets precisely as they do. The bees, in working down from these bars, attached the combs to the sides of the hive, which attachments had to be severed in order to remove the combs. This difficulty, Mr. LANGSTROTH tells us (see pages 13 to 15, 3d edition of his book), led him to invent the frames on which he obtained a patent. On page 148 of the same work, Mr. L. describes the Huber Hive as follows: — "Huber's hive consisted of twelve frames, each an inch and a quarter in width, which were connected together by hinges, so that any one could be opened or shut at pleasure, like the leaves of a book. HUBER recommended forming artificial colonies, by dividing one of these hives and adding six empty frames to each half," &c. After remarking that the bees fasten these frames together with their propolis, rendering it difficult to open them, Mr. L. goes on to say (page 149): — "If he (HUBER) had contrived a plan for giving them the requisite play, by suspending them on rabbets, instead of folding together like the leaves of a book, he would have left much less room for subsequent improvements." It may be here remarked as a little singular, that no mention is made of the frames used by BEVAN, from whose work a great deal is quoted. It was published in London more than sixty years ago, and describes a frame strikingly similar to those used by Mr. LANGSTROTH. But again: On page (of LANGSTROTH) 209 and 210, will be found a note upon "ignorant bee-keepers," from which is quoted the following: — "I have before me a small pamphlet, published in London in 1851, describing the bar and frame hive of W. A. MUNN, Esq. The object of this invention is to elevate the frames, one at a time, into a case with glass sides, so that they may be examined without annoyance from the bees." How a frame could be constructed so as to be elevated, without opening the hive its whole length or depth, into a glass case for inspection, without being a movable frame, leaving Mr. LANGSTROTH the inventor and sole proprietor of the *broad idea of a movable frame* for having practically put it first into use in this country fifty years after its appearance in England, the dear public would be pleased to be informed. But enough — there is *no question* about it. Mr. L., and at least a dozen others, have invented frames to bee hives, and not only frames, but hives. Whose style is best is the only question.

Mr. LANGSTROTH is justly entitled to much credit for the compilation of the best work upon the honey bee yet published in this country. Without doubt his efforts, because of that work, have done more to advance the interests of bee-keepers than any other. But he should not now, after enjoying for years the fruits of the labors of others, set up the cry of "stop thief," especially as some of the frames and hives now in use are as far in advance of his as is his own an improvement upon those of HUBER, BEVAN, MUNN, ROBINSON, or the many bee-hunters who, at least ten years before his hive was known, cut sticks and tied around the combs taken from a hollow tree, and suspended them in the common box hive, by inverting it. MARTIN METCALF.

Grand Rapids, Mich., July, 1861.

OUR correspondent is at least very much mistaken in his statement that we laboriously strove to show that Mr. LANGSTROTH only is entitled to the credit of introducing movable frames. All we attempted to show was that the hive of Mr. ROBINSON, as suggested in the *Tribune,* was similar to the hive of HUBER, and very different from what he proposed in 1840 — a hive with tin cases. Bee-keepers wished to see the article of 1840, as Mr. R. claimed in that to have given the public free use of the movable frames, such as have since been patented. We therefore published it with such remarks as we deemed necessary. We did not state, much less attempt to prove, that Mr. LANGSTROTH could sustain his patent. On the contrary, we said that "much discussion has arisen as to the validity of Mr. LANGSTROTH's patent." After giving the articles of Mr. ROBINSON, we further stated that they "left the vexed question as unsettled as before." Bars were used before LANGSTROTH invented his frames, and combs were removed; frames were also used; so reaping machines were used before MCCORMICK invented his machine, with knives for cutting the grain, but he has sustained his patent; and now we have a score of patent reaping machines. We have no interest in any hive, or patent of any kind, and if it can be shown that frames like LANGSTROTH's were used before his claimed invention, we shall most cheerfully publish the facts. But, if BEVAN described a frame like LANGSTROTH's, as is intimated, why does not Mr. METCALF give us a drawing, or at least a description? This would settle the matter. We have BEVAN's work before us, and may describe his frame in another number. We like to get at the point of a controversy. We have no sympathy with those who would rob an inventor of the results of his ingenuity, toil and labor, nor with meanness and extortion on the part of an inventor. There is a course that is just and right, and in the end the best for all concerned. If Mr. LANGSTROTH is really the first and original inventor of the frames now used in his and other hives, and can sustain his claim to their exclusive use, then we hope he will put the price so low that all bee-keepers in the country can use them. If this claim cannot be sustained, then the movable frames are public property, and should be adopted generally in all hives. We have three different patent hives, all with movable frames, would use no hive without them, and we are anxious that the question should be settled. It was with this view we investigated the articles of SOLON ROBINSON, hoping that they would furnish some important facts heretofore lost sight of, and not for the purpose of sustaining the patent of any one.

Our correspondent should remember that an *idea* cannot be patented, no matter how "*broad*" it may be. The one who first puts it into practical use is the one to secure a patent on his plan. Another may carry out the same *idea,* and accomplish the same end in another way, either better or worse, and he may claim a patent on his method.

Strained Honey.

MY mode of extracting honey from the comb is this: — Take a tin pan and lay two sticks or rods across the top, and set another pan on top, with holes in the bottom or sides. Then take the comb, and with a sharp knife cut the cells in two, or least cut the caps off so as to let the honey run out, and put it in the upper pan, and so on until the pan is nearly full. Then put it near or over the stove, so as to keep it about luke-warm, and it will drain out nearly all. I then put it out, and let the bees take the rest. I sometimes use an old server, and put the comb on it, and set it a little slanting, and the honey runs out over one side into a dish below. I never press or strain it, as that causes the bee bread to mix with it.

Marcellus, 1861. A. WILLSON.

IN the RURAL, "F. A.," of New Haven, inquires how to strain honey. I give my way. First, uncap the cells by passing a knife just beneath the surface of the comb. Second, put the comb thus prepared in a common meal seive, place it in a warm room to *drain, without the least pressure.*

The advantage of this over the old *squeezing* method is that honey is far more palatable, it being wholly free from bee-bread. — HATTIE, *Skaneateles, N. Y.,* 1861.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER: — Having seen an inquiry in your paper for the best method of straining honey, I send you mother's way, which may be worth trying. Cut off the caps and break the comb in pieces. Put in a colander, and set over a larger dish, and place the whole in a warm oven. It will all drain out very nicely. — LIZZIE, *Skaneateles, N. Y.,* 1861.

Bee Harvests.

THERE are for the bees three harvest seasons in every year — spring, summer and autumn. If only one of these yield abundantly, the bees will secure a supply for all their prospective wants; and so likewise if all three are only moderately good. When they can gather plentifully during two of them, they secure a supply and a surplus; and when all three yield amply, there will be a superabundance of stores. As a general rule, destitution and starvation will only occur among bees which are diseased or mismanaged; especially when by improper or excessive pruning in the spring, they are constrained to use for comb-building the avails of the early harvest, and the later ones prove to be meagre. — *Am. Bee Journal.*

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Poland Hogs.

G. W. MILLER, writing to the *Prairie Farmer,* describes the Poland hogs as a very superior breed; hardy and healthy, very prolific, bringing from eight to fourteen pigs at a litter, good nurses, and of a quiet disposition. They fatten readily at any age, will weigh 100 pounds at three months old, if well kept, and 300 to 400 at a year old, gross weight. Some of the males grow until two years old, when they will double these figures. They are a dark colored hog, with round bodies, deep full chests, small head and ears, short necks, stand up well on their legs, and give the best hams of any known breed. "Their qualities for taking on fat at any age," he concludes, "and for early maturity, cannot be equalled by any breed that grow as large as the Poland hogs do."

Roots — Nutrition and Digestion.

S. W. says, in the *Country Gentlemen,* that experiment has fully proved that roots aid in that nutrition which is not denoted by their chemical elements. A mass of roots to a bovine does not save the stomach much work, but it aids the digestion of the hay, preventing much of it from passing off in a half digested state.

It is said by those who have tried it, that hay cut fine will go much further in feeding animals than long hay; this also must be due to the labor-saving to the animal, and to its more perfect digestion when cut fine.

But apropos of potatoes, as being worth twice as much in flesh-forming matter (nitrogen, I suppose,) as parsnips, these tables also show that parsnips are richer than potatoes in starch, sugar and fat; substances that assimilate well with the gluten of early cut, well cured hay; hence it may be supposed that wurzels or parsnips, with a little more hay, would be the equivalent of potatoes. John D. Coe, the treasurer of the Seneca County Society, who has tried the experiment, avers that wurzel beets will make a cow give more milk than the same weight of potatoes. He rarely fails to grow a patch of beets for milch cows.

On a heavy loam, beets are much more easily cultivated than parsnips or carrots. They may be grown on a small bed and transplanted, even when half an inch in diameter, by merely clipping the leaves; at harvest, the transplanted will be as large as those left in the bed; then as they grow out of the ground, and very large if planted two feet apart, they are much more easily harvested than carrots or parsnips, to say nothing of the extra trouble of thinning and weeding the latter. There is another advantage in growing these roots in preference to turnips; they have no insect enemies.

Hanging the Scythe.

JUDGING from the immense quantities that are annually brought into Chicago, and distributed, the *Prairie Farmer* thinks this old instrument is not yet obsolete. Yet many that use them do not do so to the best advantage, for the want of proper care or knowledge in the hanging or grinding of them. We believe a light *cast steel* scythe of good temper is the cheapest to purchase, for it requires so much less time and labor to keep it in order. In grinding, first and always, care should be taken to grind equally on both sides and only up to the edge, so as not to turn (or feather) it and unnecessarily wear it away — when well and carefully ground it is not necessary to finish it off by immediate whetting. In hanging the scythe and adjusting the "nibs," the lower nib should be placed the full arm and finger's length from the heel of the scythe — that is, place the lower end of the snath at the pit of the arm, and the nib so the ends of the fingers will just touch. The second one such distance from the front that the arm from the inside of the elbow to tip of fingers will just reach it; then adjust the *lower* nib so that the whole will balance on the outer end of it and the scythe will hang level. The edge of the scythe should be adjusted so that by sighting across the base of the upper nib the edge will be perpendicular to it. To our notion, this is the perfection of hanging a scythe, so as to insure the greatest ease in using, and insure the scythe the most against twisting and breakage.

"Well Rotted Manure."

THIS, says the *Massachusetts Ploughman,* is a favorite expression with many farmers. Well rotted, or wholly rotted, manure, works so quick that the purchaser thinks he shall have quick returns from it.

Many farmers put a shovelful of this in each hill of corn and potatoes — and in June they point to the advantages they are having over farmers who use manure before it is well rotted.

Other farmers spread on manure and let it rot in the field — trusting to its doing some service while the operation of rotting is going on. Many farmers dislike to carry manures into their fields till they have become fine enough, by rotting, to be well incorporated with the soil — not considering that green manures are continually giving out matter which will enrich any soil in the operation.

Farmers are now complaining of the depredations of worms among their corn. Are they aware that well rotted manures harbor twice as many worms as manures that are carried directly from the barn and yard before they have had time to ferment — to heat and breed worms?

On our own fields we cannot perceive that the worms have done any more mischief than usual. We never put rotted manure in the hill. But we place a handful of ashes and plaster on each hill *before the corn comes up.*

The seed for an acre of corn costs but very little compared with potatoes — therefore, we can afford to drop six or eight kernels in a hill, and let the worms have a share.

Choice of Pasture by Stock.

M. T. JOHNSON, of Harrison Co., Ohio, writes thus to the *Field Notes:* — "I have three pastures nearly in a row; one presents a southern face, the middle one faces the east and west, being on each side of a stream of water, and well set in many places with the best kind of grass — but not quality. This is a pasture in the woods. The other pasture looks principally towards the north. If I put stock of any description in the woods pasture, no matter how tempting the grass may look, in less than twenty-four hours we can hear the lowing, bleating, neighing, or squealing, according to the nature of the brute, and if somebody don't attend to them they will be out if possible, and if they are made to stay they will dwindle. But just let the fence down between them and the sunny field, and general rejoicing ensues, and let stock once get in the field, the gap may remain open a month and they will never cross it. There is half an acre of shade and running water through it, in the sunny field; on this half acre cattle especially spend nearly half their time in hot weather, and if they are supplied with salt they come right along.

"The north field has about an acre in woods in one corner, and about two acres just over the branch that faces the south; the grass on these two acres is kept very short, while on the northern portions of the field it is quite plentiful. When the sun shines and weather is a little raw, the stock may be seen by the side of the fence surrounding the sunny piece, and in hot weather you will find them up to their knees in water that is in the shade. The last remark refers to cattle; horses and sheep are satisfied with the shade, without standing in water warmed by the sun. Take it altogether, stock in this last field does tolerably well, but nothing like so well as in the sunny one."

Inquiries and Answers.

POSTS HEAVING ON A WET SOIL. — Will some of the numerous correspondents of the RURAL inform me through its columns a remedy or preventive for the heaving of posts on wet and heavy soil, and oblige — A CONSTANT READER, *Darien, N. Y.,* 1861.

RECLAIMING OLD MEADOWS. — Being a young farmer, I solicit information of some of your older and more experienced correspondents, through the medium of the RURAL. I have seen it stated frequently, in agricultural journals, that a thorough harrowing and top dressing would greatly enhance the value of old meadows. Now, I wish to know if the harrowing without the top dressing — which I am unable to apply — would be a benefit, or must I plow the land? This would be very unsafe, as it is liable to be overflowed, and the soil would wash away. Would the sowing of timothy seed, after harrowing, be advisable? Will some one answer and oblige — M. A. H., *Avoca, N. Y.,* 1861.

QUERIES FOR DAIRYMEN. — Will you allow me, through your columns, to ask dairymen a question or two, which I have been looking to find answered in the many pieces on dairying you have lately published, but to which I have seen no reference made? Is there any method of taking care of the cheese after made, which will prevent flies from working on them? What kind of cloth or canvass is used for covering the cheese? I tried last summer canvassing with common (muslin) cotton cloth, but the flies would pierce the cloth, and lay their eggs on the cheese under the cloth, thereby occasioning a heavy loss. If experienced hands will give me the desired information, they will greatly oblige — J. ANDREWS, *Iowa,* 1861.

MIXING SOILS. — I lately noticed an article in your journal about mixing soils. My own attention has been, at different times, called to this subject, and, so far as I have experimented, results have been satisfactory. I have tried changing soil from one place to another, both on grass and plowed land, and in each case have seen much difference in the yield of crops from ground served in this way, and adjoining not thus prepared. I have become well satisfied of this *fact,* viz.: New soil, or muck from the low, wet marshes, or swamps, scattered well over grass land, will more than repay the farmers for his extra labor. — UPSILON, *Hermitage, N. Y.*

Rural Notes and Items.

THE WHEAT HARVEST is rapidly progressing toward completion in this and adjoining counties, with prospects of a better yield than anticipated. Reports from Livingston, Ontario and Wayne counties are quite favorable as to both quality and yield — the crop exceeding the expectations of growers. According to accounts many farmers will be happily disappointed in the result of the harvest.

— The recent warm weather has been favorable to spring crops, and corn, barley, oats, etc., are more promising, while vegetables have partaken largely of the general improvement and upward tendency — rapidly recovering from the "repulse" occasioned by the late aguish temperature.

N. Y. STATE FAIR. — At a meeting of the Ex. Com. of the State Ag. Society, held in Watertown, some days since, Superintendents, Judges, &c., were appointed, and other arrangements made for the Fair. The Secretary reports that the [local] Committee have commenced their erections for the Fair, and the most gratifying assurances are given that the competition in the various departments will equal former years, and the attendance likewise satisfactory. The farmers of Northern New York will be likely to make a fine show, especially of Improved Stock and Dairy Products, while many Canada breeders and farmers will undoubtedly become exhibitors and competitors — our Fair at Watertown being far more easily reached by those residing near the foot of Lake Ontario and St. Lawrence River than their own at London.

— The State Fair Show-Bill, just received, is very attractive and somewhat expansive. We have also copies of the List of Premiums, Regulations, &c., in pamphlet form, for distribution.

ANOTHER AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE. — An interesting and enthusiastic meeting, having in view the establishment of an Agricultural College, was recently held in Springfield, Mass. It was attended by a number of prominent and public-spirited gentlemen — including MARSHALL P. WILDER, R. S. FAY, and Prof. W. S. CLARK. A fund of between forty and fifty thousand dollars is already, or soon may become, available toward the establishment of the enterprise, and there is a reasonable prospect of doubling the amount within a year, without considering any endowment from the State. Some urged that a commencement be made at once — favoring the immediate selection of a location, the purchase of a moderate farm, and the erection of temporary buildings, to be enlarged as means increased and public favor justified. Our Massachusetts friends seem to be in earnest, and it is probable they will soon succeed in establishing the proposed institution.

MASSACHUSETTS AGRICULTURAL REPORT. — We are indebted to CHARLES L. FLINT, Esq., Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, for his Eighth Annual Report of its Proceedings — comprising also reports of Committees appointed to visit the County Societies, with an Appendix containing an abstract of the Finances of said Societies for 1860. The volume is a handsome octavo of about 240 pages, and contains several interesting and valuable reports. Considerable space is devoted to the Cattle Disease (pleuro-pneumonia,) which caused such alarm in New England last year — giving the action of the Legislature and State Board, and the reports of Commissioners and Committees on the subject.

A WILLOW CROP. — A Warsaw (Wyoming Co., N. Y.) paper notices the shipment from that place of two loads of willow withes, of one year's growth — from 5 to 12 feet long — stripped from the bark and tied up nicely in large bundles. "Mr. SMALLWOOD sells them by the tun to some company in Buffalo engaged in the manufacture of willow ware of all descriptions. He had over two tuns for this shipment, and we understand that he gets $90 per tun for them."

A MAMMOTH TREE. — Seeing that some are reporting their big cows and other wonders in York State, I will tell of one of the big things we have in Ohio. My father has an oak that measures 17 feet 7½ inches in circumference 4 feet from the ground, and 14 feet 4 inches at the height of 60 feet from the ground, which is the height of the first branch. It is as straight as a candle. Beat it if you can. — M. S. SUMMERS, *Vermillion, Erie Co., Ohio,* 1861.

FINE OATS. — Some of our farmers are "showing their oats" — presenting superior samples of growing crops. Mr. MASON HALL, of Greece, has shown us extra specimens of a Scotch variety of oats, and Mr. JACOB BLINN, of Chili, (on Widow Spoor's farm,) a superior sample of the Black Main — each in the straw, (unripe,) but promising an unusual yield, the stalks being over five feet long and grain large and heavy.

MINOR RURAL ITEMS. — The N. H. *Journal of Agriculture* has passed into the hands of F. B. EATON, by whom it will be conducted in future. It is a good paper, and we wish it increased usefulness and success. —— According to English papers, the International Exhibition of Industry (or World's Fair) for 1862 promises to be greater than that held in 1851. It is said the applications already made for space by British manufacturers alone, if granted, will require a building three times the size of the one now being erected. —— The California wheat crop promises a greater yield than was obtained last year. —— The army worm has recently made its appearance in various parts of New England, and proved very destructive to the growing crops. —— The time and place fixed for the World's Fair of 1862, is from the 1st of May until the 15th of October, in London. A guarantee fund of $1,250,000 for the building and exhibition has already been subscribed. —— The fleece of a Cashmere goat (buck) recently sheared by J. S. GOE, of Fayette Co., Pa., weighed 2 lbs. 3 ozs., and that of a doe 2 lbs. 12 ozs. They were bred from stock imported by Col. PETERS, of Georgia. —— Among the patents recently issued we notice one to E. P. BARTON, of Batavia, and R. W. TOULE, of Bath, for an Improvement in Hay Rakes; and one to F. A. MORLEY, of Sodus Point, for an improvement in Potato Diggers. —— The army worm has appeared on Long Island, and is making sad havoc with the rye and barley crops, also among the vegetables in various parts of Suffolk county.

THE FERMENTATION OF MILK. — According to the experiments of M. Hoppe, milk contains its peculiar ferment ready formed, which is destroyed at the temperature of boiling water, but is again formed by the action of atmospheric oxygen; and also that the fermentation, once begun, proceeds spontaneously, without the assistance of atmospheric oxygen. Hoppe's investigations further show that fresh milk, in contact with the air, takes up oxygen and gives off carbonic acid, and that the volume of this carbonic acid is larger than that of the oxygen absorbed. This change proceeds very rapidly at the common temperature, during the first twenty-four hours; and the milk left in contact with more than its own bulk of air, is able to take up, within three or four days, the whole of the oxygen of that quantity of air.

PASTURING MEADOWS. — An old farmer, writing to the *Boston Cultivator,* gives several facts from his experience, going to show that newly-seeded clover does best when pastured down in the fall, and that "old fog" meadows never produce as valuable hay as they would if fed down moderately in autumn. The grass ought to start close to the ground, and not from the stalks left by the scythe, as in that case the sprouts do not get sap enough to support them, and give that quick growth that is required for good hay. He adds, also, that "he never knew good corn to grow on land that had been mowed several years, and the hay carried off, and the old fog left on the land unfed."

BARLEY FOR PORK-MAKING. — At a Farmers' Club in Illinois, reported in the *Farmers' Advocate,* inquiry was made for experience in feeding barley to hogs. One member had fed it, but without comparison with corn as to value: — "It made the best sweet meat, and free from the oiliness so common to corn-fed pork." Another thought barley double the value of corn for fattening purposes. The inquirer said his attention was called to it by the great success of an eastern farmer in fattening pigs on ground barley and milk, getting 300 pounds dressed weight at nine months old.

HOW TO MAKE HORSES SHINE is thus told, in horse Latin, by an exchange. All the ingredients are warranted healthful — forming a panacea for all the ills that horses are *hair* to. *Recipe* — Brushus et curricombus, ad libitum; elbow greesus, quantum sufficius; blanketiusus, first ratus; stablus (in winter,) warmus; fodderus, never say dietus, but mealus et oatus; exercisus, non-compromisus. The effect will be: Coatus shinus; appetitus, wolfitus; muscularitus, two-forty-itus.

CROPS IN ERIE COUNTY, OHIO. — PETER HATHAWAY, of Milan, Erie Co., Ohio, writes, July 24th: — "We are having a cold and dry summer. Indian corn I never knew so little promising in this vicinity, yet an occasional piece on deep, mellow, well worked soil, is doing pretty well; that is, appears very well, compared with most other specimens."

HORTICULTURAL.

WATERING GARDENS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—How would it suit you to give us in the RURAL the condensed and aggregate wisdom of Horticultural sages about watering gardens? I have been nearly all my life a western farmer, and, like many other western farmers, have been trying to carry on a somewhat extensive business with very limited help, consequently the garden fared as the urgency of the other business permitted, and watering was out of the question. Now that I am released from these more extensive cares, I have been trying to call to mind what periodicals have taught about watering gardens, and I believe, unless my memory is at fault, that the record is not very complete.

Recently, in a time of drouth, I spaded up a bed of early radishes, about four by eight feet in size, for turnips; and finding it very dry, I determined to drench it with water preparatory to sowing the turnip seed. I applied with a watering pot 30 gallons of water, which wet the soil two inches deep. Twenty-four hours after, I found it to be moistened, in nice order for working, spade deep. This experiment serves to show how large a quantity of water is required to moisten soil in time of drouth. Some pet spots in my garden that have been watered every evening for a long time, are slightly moist at the close of each day.

In relation to the use of water in the time of drouth, many questions might be asked:—How often should it be applied? In what quantity? Is a little, daily applied, or an occasional drenching best? Well or cistern water? Is it important that the water be warmed, or may it be used right from the pump? What time of day is best? What trees and plants are most benefited? Are some injured by watering? Why is continuous watering more necessary, as it is alledged, when irrigation is artificial than when it is natural? In time of severe drouth, if hills are watered while the adjacent soil remains dry, is there an abstraction of fertility by the surrounding absorption? Does irrigation invite or repel insects? Are plants as healthy and their fruit as well flavored with frequent waterings as without? Does underdraining and deep culture render artificial irrigation unnecessary, or is water in drouth still beneficial? Inasmuch as drouth occurs almost every year, more or less, may we consider it always as an evil? Or does nature require its aid to perfect her designs, and do we frustrate her operations sometimes by too officious waterings whenever the soil becomes dry? It seems to us, but perhaps the seeming is somewhat because of our ignorance, that of both wet and dry we have sometimes too much of a good thing; and yet if we had exactly enough of both to suit us, it may be that the aggregate result would not be as well as it is now.

Milan, Erie Co., Ohio, 1861. PETER HATHAWAY.

WE will do what we can to respond to the call of our venerable and respected correspondent. In another column we give an interesting article by P. BARRY, Esq., written some time since, and soon after his return from a trip to Europe, and also some facts from the *British Gardener's Dictionary.*

QUANTITY OF WATER.—In watering plants, we would give enough each time to soak the ground thoroughly as far as the roots extend, in all directions. If a little water is given just around the plant, the fine roots that extend far and wide in search of food, receive no benefit from it, but a crust is formed around the main stalk that does positive injury unless occasionally broken and mellowed. The roots will accommodate themselves to circumstances. If the surface is dry, they go down deep for moisture; if the surface is the more moist and mellow and best fitted for their growth, and the fulfillment of their office—feeding the plant—then they will form a complete network near the top of the ground. If a plant grows near the side of a hard road, nearly all the roots will be found on the side of the plant next to the border, and few on the road side. If then the surface is watered slightly every day, the roots are coaxed to the surface; and if watering is omitted for a single day, they become injured by the drying of the surface, when if they had been deeper in the soil no injury would have been received. Again, constant watering causes the surface to become baked, and the roots by noon each day are imprisoned in an impenetrable crust, where they must remain until the next watering. This crust is not likely to be broken up every day. Indeed, it would be difficult to do so without injuring the roots. The best way, therefore, is to give a good soaking, and after about twenty-four hours, lighten the earth on the surface with the hoe. One good watering will answer for several days.

HARD OR SOFT WATER—WARM OR COLD.—Soft water is the best for all plants, yet hard water may be used without injury to most things. Those who grow tender plants know the difference, but in ordinary gardening it would not be perceptible. If well water is allowed to stand during the day exposed to the sun and air, it can be used for all purposes. A little manure, occasionally thrown into the tank or barrel containing the water, is of great benefit, and no additional trouble. Cold water from the well should never be used. Hardy plants may endure such treatment, but tender things would suffer materially, and all receive more or less injury. When the air and soil are warm, plants make a rapid growth; but when both are cold, the growth is very slow. To apply cold water when both air and earth are warm, gives the plants a sudden shock. When the human system is heated, it is dangerous to put the feet in cold water. If cold water is used on plants in glass houses, the leaves soon become a sickly yellow, hence in every such house a tank is kept for warming the water.

TIME FOR WATERING.—The best time for watering is evening. This gives the earth an opportunity to absorb the water applied before the hot sun can evaporate any considerable portion.

INJURY FROM WATERING.—Some plants can endure drouth better than others, but judicious watering will injure none of our hardy plants. Foreign plants grown in conservatories, brought from hot and dry countries, require little or no water at particular seasons, but to study their habits and wants is the work of the skillful gardener. An excessive use of water causes a succulent growth of wood and large, poorly flavored fruit. Thus, the English growers of gooseberries for prizes, raise them as large as hens' eggs, but far inferior in flavor to those grown with ordinary culture. We are not likely to err on this side at present. Every climate is adapted to particular fruits, vegetables, &c., and this adaptation is shown by the perfection to which they arrive, and the little labor required in their culture. What grows almost spontaneously in one country can be grown in another only under the most favorable circumstances and the exercise of the nicest skill.

Hot, dry weather is necessary to the maturity of many of our crops. In the moist, cool climate of England, neither corn, nor tomatoes, nor peaches will ripen, except in peculiar situations, and with special treatment. At the same time they can excel us in growing cauliflower and turnips, and many flowers that we try to grow, such as the Pansy and Carnation. From such facts we may learn that while our corn and tomatoes are benefited by hot, dry weather, our cauliflower, turnip, and the flowers named, and other things of like character, would be benefited by a little shade and plenty of water—treatment that would make something like an English climate.

UNDERDRAINING AND DEEP CULTURE.—We cannot say that underdraining would in all cases render watering unnecessary, but we do say that nothing we can do to our soil will have such a beneficial effect in preventing injury from drouth.

We have endeavored to give a little light on a few of the points of our correspondent, and will with pleasure publish any further information which may be furnished by our readers. This is an important matter, and the letter of friend HATHAWAY is very suggestive.

IMPORTANCE OF WATER IN GARDENING.

THERE can be no successful gardening without an abundant supply of water. So true is this, and so general, that we may regard it as an axiom among practical cultivators in every part of the world. It has been always so. The history of gardening, back to the earliest period of which we have any record, even to the fabulous gardens of antiquity, shows that one of the first objects of solicitude in the formation of gardens has been to provide for an ample supply of water. In all stages of civilization, under every system of gardening, it has been regarded not only as the basis of *good culture*, but an indispensable element of *beauty*. Our purpose at present, however, is to treat of it in a *useful* point of view only. In a country like ours, with summers intensely warm, and drouths severe and protracted, occurring generally at a season when active and rapid growth is most wanted, a supply of water is peculiarly important. Yet on the whole it receives comparatively little attention. It is a portion of garden economy either not well understood or sadly overlooked.

How common it is to hear people say, "Everything is dried up"—"We have not had a shower in a month." The lawn is brown, as though scorched by fire. Flowers and fruits are dried and shriveled on their stems before maturity. In the kitchen garden, the seeds are lying dormant in the ground, or the plants are parched and withered;—nothing fit for the table; the drouth has made a complete wreck. Yet the gardener, he says, has been busy with his watering-pot early and late; but he had some distance to carry the water, and a sprinkling each morning or evening was all he could afford. And what good has it done? His parched and stunted perishing crops answer, that all such watering is a mere mockery.

It is not an occasional sprinkling that growing culinary plants require in dry weather, but a daily drenching that will penetrate to every root and rootlet. These plants, to be worth growing at all, should be grown *rapidly*. They must be succulent and tender, which they cannot be if stunted. Every one who has traveled through Holland, Belgium, or France, in the summer season, and paid any attention to garden products, must have remarked the excellence of all these esculents; and if they have gone farther, and looked into their gardens and modes of culture, they must have seen that water played a most important part in the production of this excellence. Their system of watering is not a mere sprinkling in the morning and evening. We see it flowing in rivulets through and around their garden plots, in the form of an irrigation; or deposited in barrels at every corner, conveyed in pipes from a general reservoir; and from these barrels it is taken in watering-pots, and applied at all hours of the day, if necessary, until every plant has just as much as it requires, considering its nature, the soil, and the weather. Under such a system, a warm and dry climate is an advantage instead of a drawback; and it actually enables the Dutch, the Belgians, and the French, to supply Covent Garden market, in London, with garden products both earlier and better than the very skillful and energetic English market gardeners, with their abundant resources, can produce. Our summer climate is similar in many respects to that of France and Belgium; and we are well persuaded that a general adoption of their thorough hydropathic system would work such an improvement on our garden esculents as would greatly increase their consumption, and enchance the pleasure and profit of that most useful branch of gardening. Another great advantage of an abundant supply of water, is the facility it affords for the application of *liquid manure*—a species of food that every good gardener regards as indispensable to the proper growth of kitchen garden plants, and of great importance to every branch of gardening.

Let us look at the question in an economical point of view. Under the present system, a very small garden in a dry time will consume the labor of at least one man in watering. He probably has to raise it with a hand-pump, and carry it in a common watering-pot from the barn-yard, or a least a considerable distance, to the place where it is applied. The gardener is probably short of help, and many other things are suffering, so that he is compelled to stop watering as soon as he has given the most needy cases enough to keep them alive till next day. All his watering, all his labor and time, are expended in "keeping things alive." Now suppose that two or three hundred dollars were expended at once in providing an efficient means of raising water into an ample reservoir, from which it could be conducted in pipes to the various quarters of the garden. One man could do more watering than five by the common system, and it could be applied in such quantities as would accomplish the desired end. The actual gain of time and increased products in two or three years would offset the original cost, to say nothing of the convenience and the satisfaction that the gardener and proprietor both would derive from it. Under such an arrangement, dry weather would lose the terror with which it is now regarded, and the kitchen garden would assume an entirely new aspect.

We shall not at this time attempt any minute description of the various modes of raising water now practiced. The natural facilities that every man finds on his own grounds, or under his control, must guide him in the choice of means. Some may have access to streams, lakes, or other unfailing sources of supply on the surface of the ground, easily raised by a ram or force-pump, and conducted in pipes to a suitable place or reservoir. Others may be compelled to sink wells, and raise the water with buckets or pumps. In such cases it is economy to sink the well in a place suitable for a reservoir, that the water may pass directly into it from the bucket or pump. The French market gardeners and florists in the neighborhood of Paris, whose arrangements are the most economical and convenient we have seen, invariably have a well in their garden, located on the highest ground. Beside the well is an ample reservoir, from which the water is conducted to all parts of the garden. Some of the more old-fashioned among them raise the water by means of buckets. A wooden frame is erected over the well, to support an upright shaft, on which is fixed a drum. This shaft turns on a pivot at both ends, and the rope that raises and lowers the buckets is wound on the drum. The rope passes over pullies fixed in the frame immediately over the well, and there is a pole and whiffle-tree attached to the shaft, for the purpose of applying horse power. But among all the better informed and more enterprising cultivators, pumps are used propelled by horse-power. The water is received from the pump in a cistern or reservoir. From this reservoir into which the pump discharges, the water is carried over the garden in lead or cast iron pipes, and deposited in barrels or tanks at different points of the garden. These barrels are all sunk in the ground to within a foot or so of the top. Fig. 1 represents this arrangement. Fig. 2 shows the arrangement of pipes and barrels, which are situated so as to be convenient for use and near the garden walks.

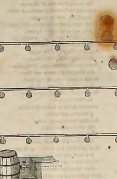
FIG. 1. FIG. 2.

This is but an imperfect sketch of what we regard as the best system of supplying gardens with water that we have yet seen practiced extensively and with complete success. If our ingenious countrymen will turn their attention seriously to this subject, we have no doubt they will work out a system as well adapted to their wants as the French *maraichers* (market gardeners) find this is to theirs.—P. BARRY.

NECESSITY AND USE OF WATER.

A copious supply of water is essential to a good kitchen garden, and, from whatever source it is furnished, it should be distributed either in reservoirs or open cisterns, or in pipes, properly protected, over the garden, and in hot-houses. If the supply is from a pond or river, a system of lead or cast-iron pipes may be adopted, and the delivery effected by cocks at proper distances; but if from wells or springs, the delivery should be into open stone or cast-iron cisterns; or, in default of these, into tubs or butts sunk in the earth. In Tuscany, where the inhabitants excel in the manufacture of pottery, immense jars of earthenware are frequently adopted; in the Royal Garden at Paris, sunk barrels, and cisterns of masonry, lined with cement, are general in the best gardens on the continent. In these gardens, a system of watering is adopted, which, though rendered more necessary there by the climate than it can possibly be in this country, yet in various respects deserves imitation.

Many kitchen crops are lost, or produced of very inferior quality, for want of watering. Lettuces and cabbages are often hard and stringy, turnips and radishes do not swell, onions decay, cauliflowers die off, and, in general, in dry seasons, all the Cruciferæ become stunted, or covered with insects, even in rich deep soils. Copious waterings in the evenings, during the dry seasons, would produce that fullness and succulency which we find in the vegetables produced in the Low Countries, in the Marsh Gardens at Paris, and in this country at the beginning and latter end of the season.

The watering the foliage of fruit and other trees, to destroy or prevent the increase of insects, and of strawberries and fruit-shrubs to swell the fruit, is also of importance; and though the climate of Scotland is less obnoxious to great drouths than that of the southern counties, yet we find that excellent horticultural architect, John Hay, adopting a system of watering in various gardens lately formed by him in the neighborhood of Edinburgh.

Water in a garden is absolutely necessary, according to Justice; well water is far from being proper, but that which is impregnated by the sun's rays is highly conducive to vegetation. He recommends forming a large pond or basin in the center of the garden, which shall at the same time contain fish.—

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NEW FOREIGN STRAWBERRIES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—It may prove interesting to your subscribers to have precise descriptions of the new Flemish, French, and English varieties of Strawberries, which have fruited the present season for the first time in America, and I now annex them:

Bonte de St. Julien, (Carre,)—Early, large, round, very sweet, fine flavor, perfumed, very productive.

Duc de Malakoff, (Gloede,)—Conical, very large, often monstrous, deep scarlet, round or coxcomb, firm, sweet, apricot flavor; plant vigorous, productive, superior for forcing; has weighed 1⅛ ounces.

Empress Eugenie, (Knevett,)—Monstrous berry, has weighed 1¼ to 1⅜ ounces; ovate or coxcomb, deep glossy crimson, red flesh, juicy, sweet, delightful flavor, exquisitely perfumed; vigorous, very productive, forces well.

English Ladies' Finger—Oblong form, orange scarlet, white flesh, sweet, high flavor, vigorous, productive.

Imperatrice Eugenie, (Gauthier,)—Large, conical, bright glossy roseate, handsome, firm, sweet, perfumed.

La Constante, (De Jonghe,)—Berry perfect in all respects, large, regular cone, brilliant scarlet, very firm, sweet, perfumed, exquisite flavor, ripens late; plant dwarf, vigorous, very productive, succeeds in all soils and situations, forces well.

La Delicieuse, (Lorio,)—Large, round or flattened, apricot color, yellowish flesh, very sweet, perfumed; plant vigorous, productive, very late.

La Grosse Lucree, (De Jonghe,)—Large, oblong, crimson at maturity, flesh white, solid, sweet, highly perfumed, vigorous, very productive, quite late.

La Sultane, (Nicaise,)—Magnificent fruit, large, conical, often too seemingly united, brilliant scarlet, glazed, flesh white, solid, juicy, sweet, highly perfumed; plant very vigorous, productive.

May Queen, (Nicholson,)—Very early, round, rather large, pale scarlet, sweet, fine aroma, excellent; earliest of its class, vigorous, productive, forces well.

Mrs. D. Neilson, (Stewart & Neilson,)—Large, variable in form, orange scarlet, juicy, sweet, high flavor; plant vigorous, ripens very late.

Napoleon III, (Gloede)—Large, round, or flattened, bright roseate, flesh white, solid, sweet, delicious flavor; plant very vigorous and very productive, ripens late.

Oscar, (Bradley,)—Large, often monstrous, rounded, flattened, sometimes coxcomb, deep scarlet, firm, very sweet, aromatic, exquisite flavor; plant extremely vigorous, very productive, ripens early, forces admirably.

Princess Frederic William, (Niven,)—Earliest of the Pine family, rounded, sometimes coxcomb, large size, brilliant scarlet, solid, sweet, high flavor, very vigorous, productive, forces admirably.

Wizard of the North—Very large, variable form, bright red, firm, sweet, high flavor, vigorous, productive.

Wonderful, (Jeyes,)—Large, oblong, flattened, bright roseate, solid, sweet, fine flavor; plant vigorous, very productive, ripens late. WM. R. PRINCE.

Flushing, N. Y., July, 1861.

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Horticultural Notes.

THE ROSE BUG.—Contrary to our expectations, and, we may add, past experience, the Rose Bug is this season more abundant than we remember to have seen them for a dozen years past. They have usually been comparatively scarce after a very severe winter; but the past winter, though one of almost unexampled severity, seems to have had no effect in lessening their numbers. About New York it may be said, almost literally, that there are no cherries for them to eat; but the grape, the rose, and the leaves of the vine and the cherry tree, are suffering terribly, and the woods swarm with them. Every horticulturist ought to declare a deadly war against them. Organize Anti-Rose Bug Societies; arm yourselves with a basin of water and a stick; give the limb a gentle tap, and they will drop in the basin; you have then nothing to do but crush the life out of them with your foot. A less tedious plan is to spread a sheet under the vine or tree to catch them as they fall; but it is not so sure, since, after falling three or four feet, they often take to the wing. Their destruction must be secured in some way; their existence can only be tolerated at the expense of half our crop of cherries and grapes, to say nothing of minor evils.—*Horticulturist.*

FLORAL EXHIBITION AT WATERTOWN.—The committee charged with the general arrangements and decoration of Floral Hall at the State Fair, to be held at Watertown, commencing on the 17th day of September, have offered a list of premiums for the most desirable cut flowers, bouquets, floral ornaments, pot plants, &c. After being exhibited the day previous to the State Fair, and examined by the committee, the flowers are to be used for decorating the building. All flowers and bouquets must be the production of Jefferson county, and arranged by the exhibitors.

A RIVAL TO THE WILSON.—The strawberry Bont St. Julien, which we have seen for the first time this spring, promises to rival the Wilson in productiveness, and it is certainly much superior to it in flavor. We have only seen it in one place, and its wonderful yield may have been the result of some peculiar fitness in the soil. La Constante, which came to us as the most productive of foreign varieties, has, wherever we have seen it, borne only a moderate crop; but the berry is large, and the quality very fine.—*Horticulturist.*

FRUIT IN ERIE COUNTY.—No cherries, plums, peaches, or pears, this year. Apples a very few. Grass fair. Spring grain very backward, as indeed everything else is.—S. L., *Eden, N. Y., July,* 1861.

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Inquiries and Answers.

CULTURE OF PANSIES.—Can any one tell me how to cultivate Pansies successfully? I have several times procured fine varieties, but they soon degenerate.—LOUISA, *Hebron, Penn.*, 1861.

Pansies can be grown from seed about as easily as any of our common annuals, and good seed can now be obtained. They flower the first season; in fact, all through the season. They strike easily from cuttings out-of-doors, and in this way choice plants can be propagated for the season. Pansies grow and flower best if somewhat shaded. A border on the north side of a fence or building is the best, and if they have a good, mellow soil, we think they will not degenerate. If planted out so as to receive the full force of the sun, in a stiff or poor soil, and receive but little care, they will soon become worthless. If the soil is high and dry, so that the water will not lay on the surface, they will not suffer much in the winter, especially young plants. Plant cuttings in a cool, shady spot. We never found any benefit from covering pansies in the winter; indeed they often come out in worse condition than those left unprotected. Where manure is needed, we always use cow manure, if we can obtain it.

GAS TAR FOR ROOFS, &C.—A certain wise man of old, when interrogated as to the source of his vast fund of knowledge, replied that he obtained what little he knew by not being ashamed to ask for information. Now my sphere of observation has been small, and my experience less yet, and wishing to avail myself of the experience of those that know whereof they affirm, I submit the following questions:—First, Can old leaky roofs be renovated by applying gas tar, gravel, and sand, to the shingles? If so, how applied, cost &c., &c.? Is said composition used on flat roofs? Second, Would not gas tar make a good and cheap paint for rough-planked buildings?—STEPHEN LANDON, *Eden, N. Y.*, 1861.

Gas tar is an excellent material for fences, barns, sheds, &c. It is used for this purpose very extensively in some parts of England, and for aught we know in all parts. There some material is mixed with the tar, which gives it a dark chocolate color, but here the tar is so black that we have not succeeded in changing the color, unless a very large amount of coloring matter is used. Wood covered with tar is almost indestructible. Have never tried tar and sand on leaky roofs. Perhaps others have, who will give the necessary information. The better way, we should judge, would be to apply the tar and then throw on the sand. Tar can be obtained at the gas works at a very low price.

LAWN MOWERS.—Where can a good lawn mower be obtained, such as I have seen used in the neighborhood of New York city? Are they made in this country?—T.

The first machines of the kind used here were of English make. H. W. SARGENT, Esq., of Fishkill, we believe, suggested some improvements to a mechanic of that town, H. N. SWIFT, who now manufactures a mower as good as the best of the English, if not better.

GROWING TOMATOES.—As water constitutes 95 per cent. of tomatoes, should they, while growing, be liberally watered (with kitchen slops, &c.,) or left to the free influence of the sunshine?—O. W., *Norwich, Conn.*, 1861.

If you want fine, large tomatoes, late in the season, water with any fertilizing mixture. Soap suds are excellent, and with a little manure water occasionally, will make tomato plants grow as large as grape vines; but if you desire fruit early, grow in a poor soil, and withhold water and manure.

EARLY RICHMOND CHERRY TREES.—Where can the Early Richmond cherry trees be had, and what price, or the stones? E. PURDEY.

Trees can be obtained at the Rochester nurseries at about $25 per hundred. The fruit is not grown here to any extent, and the pits could not be obtained in this section.

KNOTS ON RED CHERRY TREES.—Can any of your subscribers inform me through your paper what will destroy the insect that infests red cherry trees, making large bunches or knots all over the trees, and killing it in two or three years?—A. B. T.

Domestic Economy.

GINGERBREAD, COOKIES, &c.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Seeing an inquiry in a late number of your paper for Baker's Gingerbread, I send you mine which I know to be good.

GINGERBREAD.—One cup of cream; one and a half of molasses; one of butter; two teaspoons of soda; three of ginger; mix until glossy, and roll half an inch thick.

WATER COOKIES.—Three cups of sugar; one of water; one of eggs; one of butter; one teaspoon of soda; half nutmeg, grated. These are best when they have been baked about three weeks.

CRACKERS.—One teacup of sweet milk; half teaspoon of soda; one tablespoonful of the white of an egg; three of butter. Mix very stiff and pound; roll thin and bake quick.—OLLIE DEPEY, *Viola, Ill.*, 1861.

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CHICKEN SALAD—*An Inquiry.*—Some one has requested, through the RURAL, a recipe for making chicken salad. I send the best one I have ever used. This recipe makes enough for twenty persons. Two heads of celery, two chickens, ten eggs, six small cucumber pickles, one tablespoonful mustard, a little Cayenne pepper and half cup of butter. Wash the yolks of the eggs, put in the seasoning with a little vinegar, chop the whites of the eggs, the pickles, chicken and celery, then mix. Eat it and say it is the best you have ever tasted.

Can anybody tell me how to wash brown linen so as to keep the color?

The ladies who furnish so many good recipes for the RURAL are lending a helping hand to all housekeepers.—JULIA JOY, *"The Hive," Galesburgh, Mich.*, 1861.

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MOLDY LARD.—I saw an inquiry in the RURAL of June 15, how to recover lard that was getting moldy. I never had any, but I can tell how to keep it. I keep my leaf fat separate from the other, and cook it until it is a little brown, put it when tried out in clean, dry, tight vessels, keep in store room until spring, then remove it to cupboard in cellar and keep it from the air as much as possible. I keep the leaf for summer use. I think scalding it would help it, at least it would do no harm to try. I have followed the above for 35 years or more; average about eighteen hogs per year.—C. S. W., 1861.

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MARBLE CAKE.—Whites of eight eggs; two cups of white sugar; two and a half cups flour; one half cup butter; one half cup sour milk; one half teaspoon soda; one teaspoon cream of tartar. Then take the same proportions, using red sugar sand in place of the two cups of white sugar; put it in pans, first a layer of white and then the pink dough, and you will have a beautiful cake. When cut it will be in waves of pink and white.—E. A. W., *Monmouth, Ill.*, 1861.

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CURRANT JELLY.—Having seen no recipe in the RURAL for making currant jelly, I send mine, which I know to be good. To one pound of sugar take a pint of juice; boil the juice by itself for five minutes, the sugar meanwhile being placed in the oven and heated very hot. When the five minutes are up, add the sugar to the juice, and let them boil together one minute. Then the jelly is done and ready to pour into the moulds.—HETTIE, *New York*, 1861.

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CIDER WINE.—In the RURAL, of July 13th, I saw a recipe for making cider wine, or whisky wine. In the fall of 1859, I made 13 gallons of cider wine, the cider all from sweet apples. I put 20 pounds of granulated sugar to the 13 gallons of cider, warmed enough of the cider to dissolve the sugar, put it into a keg and kept the keg full while it was working. Nothing else put into it, and it is as nice to-day as can be.—E. P., *Rome, N. Y.*, 1861.

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COLORING KID GLOVES.—Noticing an inquiry for coloring white kid gloves, I send you my recipe which, I think very good. For coloring a royal purple, two ounces extract logwood, two ounces rock alum, one and a half pints soft water. Let it boil and skim, then cool, then brush the gloves over with it. When dry repeat. Beat up the white of an egg and rub it over the leather.—M. S., *Newport, Minn.*, 1861.

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WASHING FLANNELS.—Make a hot suds with good, soft soap; put in the flannels and let them lie a few minutes; then wash thoroughly with the hands. Have ready some boiling water; dissolve a little blueing, or indigo, and pour it on sufficient of the hot water to prove the goods; put them in, and let them remain until cool enough to wring. Dry in the air, and iron when slightly damp. Iron on the right side.

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TO DESTROY FLIES.—To one pint of milk, add a quarter of a pound of raw sugar and two ounces of ground pepper; simmer them together eight or ten minutes, and place it about in shallow dishes. The flies attack it greedily, and are soon suffocated. By this method kitchens, &c., may be kept clear of flies all summer, without the danger attending poison.

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PRESERVING PINE-APPLES.—If Aunt LIBBY desires to preserve "pine-apples," let her take the fruit and peel it, pick it with a fork, then to every pound of the picked or grated fruit, add one pound and a half of crushed sugar. A layer of fruit, then a layer of sugar, thus to the end of the chapter. It spoils it to cook it.—RUTH, *New Paltz, N. Y.*, 1861.

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STARCHING CURTAINS.—Thin curtains, in doing up, should have white glue put in the starch, a piece two or three inches square to six yards of stuff. The glue makes them difficult to iron, but curtains done so will keep their stiffness. If muslin, they need to be very damp and the iron very hot.—P. TERRIS, *Hamilton Co., O.*, 1861.

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REMOVING MILDEW FROM MUSLIN.—Will any one be so kind as to inform me, through the RURAL, what will take mildew out of white muslin? I am very desirous of knowing, and if any one will, they will confer a lasting favor upon—H. M. W., *Pa.*, 1861.

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REMOVING IRON RUST.—Noticing a recipe in a late RURAL, for removing iron rust, I send the following one, which I think far superior:—Dampen the spots and apply some tartaric acid, and lay in the sun to dry.—SARAH J. QUADE, *Zittles Corners, N. Y.*, 1861.

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COLORING COTTON RED FOR CARPETS.—Will some one please give through the columns of the RURAL, a recipe for coloring cotton a red that will not fade, and much oblige the old ladies that deal in rag carpets.—JANY, *Lamoille, Bureau Co., Ill.*, 1861.

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WAFFLES.—Will some one please give a recipe through the RURAL for making Waffles, and oblige—INEXPERIENCED HOUSEKEEPER, *Illinois*, 1861.

Ladies' Department.

THE VOLUNTEER'S WIFE.

I knew by the light in his deep, dark eye,
When he heard the beat of the mustering drum,
That he never would fold his arms, and sigh
Over the evils that were to come;
I knew that the blood of a patriot sire
Coursed through his veins like a stream of fire;
So I took his hand,
And bade him go,
But he never dreamed
That it grieved me so.

Two fair-haired children he left with me
Who lisp his name at the eventide—
The very hour when upon his knee
He used to fondle his pet and pride;
Alas! they may never again be blessed
By a father's care in the old home nest;
And he never again
May hear the tones,
Or kiss the lips
Of his little ones.

I know he has answered his country's call,
That his breast is bared at a high command;
But my heart will break, I know, if he fall
In the battle's front, by a traitor's hand;
Yet I murmur not, though my tear-wet eyes
Attest the worth of the sacrifice;
'Tis a wife's free gift,
Two lives in one,
In the name of God
And of Washington.

Perhaps, when the maple leaves are red,
And the golden glories of harvest come,
I shall wake some morning to hear his tread,
And give him a warm heart's welcome home;
To kneel with him in a fervent prayer,
Thanking our God for his watchful care,
In shielding his heart
From the rebel's brand,
Who honored the flag
Of his cherished land.

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[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

FUSSY MEN.

First of all things, I do abominate a fussy, pottering kind of a man. Why, I always have to clinch my fingers to keep from strangling him with his suspenders. Now, a pleasant, accommodating man I can tolerate,—one who is ready to bring a pail of water, or an armful of wood, without growling,—who won't step his muddy feet on my clean floor; or disturb my pet cat when she is snoring on her cushion, and all that sort of thing. But that fussy man, who is always putting his nose into everything; watching to see how much sugar is used; scolding because the flour don't last long enough; peeping into the pantry to see how things look; telling what he wants for dinner, and how he wants it cooked; keeping close watch of the meat barrel, and cutting every slice of ham; scolding because a woman ever wants to go to the store, and inquiring precisely how many nutmegs she got for an ounce; and then, to cap the climax, always wondering what a woman has to do when he tends to everything 'round the house,—from such a man, in the language of the litany: "Good Lord deliver me." Why, goodness me! I had rather live in the house with a bear,—for I could shoot him,—but these human bears I could do nothing but torment. O! you needn't laugh in your sleeves, and think if I lived with you, Mr. A., B., or C., I would change my tone. That is the trouble. Such kind of men always marry a meek, quiet, little soul, who never dares to say her soul is her own, and then they can lord it over them at their will.

It is the strangest thing in nature that some men can't mind their own business and let women's affairs alone. It is a dreadful good thing Mr. X. don't happen to be of that kind. There, I have said my say out.

June, 1861. X.

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[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

REMEMBER THE AGED.

Do we consider and treat the elderly and aged as kindly, and with as much attention as we ought? Is it not an almost universal fact, that young people dislike, or avoid, middle-aged and old, and they are too often forgotten, or left out of social games and gatherings? In a brief space, we all pass into the "sere and yellow leaf," and to the winter of old age, and to meet with neglect, or disrespect, how it must hasten the "gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

True, those distinguished for talents, or by position, usually receive attention, but the mass of people, who have only their plain, unvarnished virtues to commend them, how often they are passed by, or treated with contumely, merely because they are no longer fresh, buoyant, beautiful. They have become old rubbish, and are cast aside.

What, even if they have peculiarities, or eccentricities, are we not all molded, more or less, by circumstances, and how know we but by the time we have passed through the trials and disappointments incident to mortal life, we shall seem singular, or sober, to the next generation? O, let us be kind and gentle to the aged. Be patient and tender towards the old grandmother, or father, who sits in the corner, depending, perhaps, on you for bread and a home. Honor them,—their lives are nearly passed, and soon, very soon, you will lay them away to rest. How sweet, then, will be the reflection, that you did all in your power to smooth and brighten their paths to the grave,—that you never caused them to feel burdensome or obtrusive, or to long for the narrow home where they would be out of your way, and no longer unwelcome. QUEECHY.

◆

Family Troubles.—Was ever there a family without its troubles? Adam and Eve had their troubles in Eden; and all families have had their troubles. Every family has a skeleton behind the door; every person a thorn in his side. It is said that misery loves company, so take courage hapless man, wearied woman. You are in the majority. "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." A useless family would yours be if it knew no trouble. Trouble is our great teacher. It nerves us with strength; it gives us courage; it tempers our metal; it developes our self-control; it quickens our inventive powers. Troubles are to us what the winds are to the oak, what labor is to muscle, what study is to mind. Life is a school, and trouble is one of the great lessons. Troubles are not to be courted, but when they come, we must get over them the best way we can, or bear them with the best fortitude we can arouse. Take courage therefore, troubled one. Not in vain are your trials. They make you brave, strong; and, it is to be hoped, better. Be not cast down, cheer up; cast aside your weeds and woes. Look the world in face; do your duty; take every trouble by the horns, overcome it with the courage of a true soldier in life's great campaign, and stoutly contend for the victory of will and wisdom.

CROOKED SPINES IN GIRLS.

It is a sad fact, that nearly every young lady in fashionable life has a lateral curvature of the spine. This comes on at the age of ten or eleven, and continues slowly but steadily to increase, unnoticed even by a mother's watchful eye, till the child is really deformed—one shoulder is much larger and higher than the other, so that the dress maker is obliged to put cotton in the dress to make the back look flat and square.

The boys—their brothers, have no such trouble; why should they? The question may well be asked by every thoughtful parent. I answer that *improper dress* and other physiological errors, in which girls constantly indulge, produce this mischief.

The dress of the girl is always tighter than her brothers, and this begun when she is quite young, "to give her a form," the mother says, as if God did not do this when he made the child. The constant pressure on the *muscles* of the spine, which are designed to keep it straight, causes absorption of those muscles, and as the right arm is used more than the left, the spine is drawn under the right shoulder blade, thus making it project. The muscles are so weakened by absorption, they cannot bring the spine back to its proper position.

In addition to this tight dress, I have seen girls of *thirteen* and *fourteen* with corsets on. Often these are adopted by thoughtless mothers in the hope to straighten the child, but under their cruel pressure, the difficulty rapidly increases, till the poor deformed girl is sent to a spinal institution to be treated.

While this difficulty is gradually increasing, the young girl is sent to school, to spend five or six hours each day bending over a low desk, and when she returns home, instead of being allowed to play ball or any active game in the open air, as her brothers are, is placed on a high piano stool, where her toes but just touch the floor, with nothing to protect her back. In this position she must sit one long, painful hour.

Do you wonder that she has a crooked spine? I wonder that any escape, for all are obliged to pass through the same killing ordeal.—*Lewis' Gymnastics.*

◆

CHILDREN—HARDENING, INDULGING.

In those houses where the regime is of the robust and "hardening" quality—where the children are suffered to run about in all weathers—where there is plenty of wholesome food, no silly indulgencies, and a profound belief in cold water—where the dress is warm, light, and the very reverse of cumbersome—where the mother does all the doctoring and does very little of it,—what do we find? For the most part fine, well-grown, healthy children, perhaps a trifle rude and not a trifle sunburnt, but nothing like the puny little sickly miseries got out of the scientific and careful homes; nothing, again, like the diseased, rickety, scrofulous creatures so diligently nurtured into disease at the "indulgent" homes. These indulgent homes are the true grave yards of health if not of life, of manhood if not of existence, of nobleness and robust vigor if not of all besides. These are the homes where the simplest childish complaint—measles or whooping-cough—become as deadly as plague or the yellow fever—where typhus breaks out without apparent cause, and where the doctor is never absent, and the mother never at rest. Whenever we see a mother who thinks that her children have to be "kept in" because of this wind or that wind, and to be "kept up" by port wine or bitter beer, because of this delicacy or that delicacy, we may be sure that she is rearing them for death, or for life-long debility and disease; and wherever we see a mother give way to her children's fancies, and feed them with indulgencies instead of the common-sense wholesome plainness of rational people, we may be sure that here, too, is infancy destined to but a brief career, or the future maturity to an inheritance of sickliness and pain.—*London Review.*

◆

Amount of Absence Proper for Husbands.—Miss Muloch says:—"A lady of my acquaintance gives it as her *sine qua non* of domestic felicity, that the 'men of the family should always be absent at least six hours in the day.' And truly, the mistress of a family, however strong her affection for the male members of it, cannot but acknowledge that this is a great boon. A house, when 'papa' or the boys' are always 'pottering about,' popping in and out at all hours, everlastingly wanting something, or finding fault with something else, is a considerable trial, even to feminine patience. And I beg to ask my sex generally—in confidence, of course—if it is not the greatest comfort possible, when, the masculine half of the family being cleared out for the day, the house settles down into regular work and orderly quietness until evening? Also, it is good for them, as well as for us, to have all the inevitable petty domestic 'bothers,' go over in their absence; to effect which, ought to be one of the principal aims of the mistress of a family. Let them, if possible, come to a quiet, smiling home, with all its small annoyances brushed away like the dust and cinders from the grate—which, *en passant*, is one of the first requisites to make a fire-side look comfortable."

◆

The Power of Love.—To the hearts of all us women, love is a necessity; and a man who understands that, has a power in his hands. Many have neglected it and many have grossly misused it. Where and how your husbands have failed, it is not for me to decide; one thing only I will say to you. My late husband told me one day of a King of Spain, on whose foot a burning cinder fell out of the fire. He would have thrown it off, but it occurred to him that it was not seemly for a King to do so; he therefore called his minister. The minister said that it was not his business, and gave the command to one of the pages; the page was of noble birth, and therefore called a chamberlain; but before he could come the cinder had burnt the shoe through to the foot. Dear lady, when a grief, like a red-hot cinder, falls upon your heart, do not stop thinking whose proper duty it is to remove it, otherwise your heart may be burnt through and through. Seize it boldly, with our Lord's help, and throw it away, even though finger and thumb should be a little burnt; that hurt will soon heal.—*Matrimonial Quarrels.*

◆

Motherhood.—It transforms all things by its vital heat; it turns timidity into fierce courage, and dreadless defiance into tremulous submission; it turns thoughtlessness into foresight, and yet stills all anxiety into calm content; it makes selfishness become self-denial, and gives even hard vanity the glance of admiring love.—*George Eliot.*

◆

For every fear which we dare not confront we lose a portion of our hardiness; for every sorrow from which we turn we forfeit a consolation.

Choice Miscellany.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

ONE YEAR AGO.

BY GENE PRATT.

One year ago the world was fair
And beautiful as now,—
As joyously the sunlight danced
On many a laughing brow.
The wind in whispers stirred the leaves
To most delightful song,
And noiselessly the shadows fell
As evening glided on.

And, Alice, dear, the sun to-day,
Rose cloudlessly as then,—
The wind as gently sways the leaves,
For June is here again.
But where are they who sang with us,
One year ago to-day;
Or waked the echoes in the grove,
With accents wild and gay?
O, Alice, 'tis an olden tale,
These rapid strides of Change;
And that we're widely scattered now,
Is nothing new or strange.
Some have learned to weep this year,
Who never mourned before,
O'er blighted hopes and severed ties
That Time cannot restore.
One of our merry little band
No longer marks the years;—
There are no weary days in Heaven—
No mourning hearts—no tears.
Another one, with willing hand,
Has proffered heart and life
To save our troubled native land;
Another is a wife;
Another walks in learning's halls,
A favorite and pride;
Another has a happy home
On old Potomac's side;
While May and Joe, such lovers then,
Have had a fuss, and parted.
May said that Joe could "*go to grass.*"
Joe took his hat and—*started.*
While all of our glad number then,
Like leaves in autumn weather,
Are scattered here and there until
No two are left together.

But each has many blessings left—
Pleasures and beauties new
Are always crowding on our path,
And we've enough to do;
Remembering that *no bitter cup*
Is ever ours alone;
And soothing other wounded hearts,
Brings healing to our own.

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[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

DREAMS—REALITIES.

"Youth is the time for dreams—strange, contradictory, but most beautiful dreams—which, as we advance in life, we are doomed to see depart forever." These words were spoken to me by one whom I regarded as an oracle of wisdom. They dropped down heavy, like lead, into my heart, breaking the ever before calm and sunny waters into unpleasant little ripples. Was, then, youth the only time in which to indulge in dreams? And were they *only* dreams? There were a thousand pretty fancies in my own brain, which I had hoped sometime to see blessed realities. And child as I was, I felt that if I was "doomed to see them depart," the sunshine would go out of my life forever, and I said to myself, "No, no, sweet dreams, I will never let you go, you must stay with me always." I can but smile, now, at the fear with which I held them lest they should slip away. But those very dreams, those little, airy nothings, are tangible realities now, making life beautiful, glorious. Dreams are not always the vague, shadowy affairs that they are represented. They are but the foreshadowing of facts. Sometimes through the chambers of the brain there glides a wierd fancy, a dim thought of something great and noble. Perhaps we exhibit a momentary surprise at its presence. It shrinks back, is hid by the other phantoms of the brain, and is then forgotten, or thought of only with an incredulous smile. But it has not left us,—not so easily is it quieted. By its silent influence, and our protracted, earnest endeavors, at length, what was at first a strange, wild dream, becomes an actual reality.

It is a mistaken idea that all that is joyous in life, leaves us with our youth. This may be the time when we are made happy with the hope of what shall be, but manhood is the time when we are blessed with the golden reality that is. Then tear not their hopes from the young, nor teach them they are but Dead Sea apples—fair to look at, but falling to dust at the touch. Train their thoughts, their hopes, their visions, if you will, to noble purposes; and when a glorious thought of something yet to be, flashes on the mind, awakening by its brilliancy all the sleeping energies, yet requiring time for its development, do not denounce it as an idle dream, but nurture it as an embryo power which shall at some time produce great results. Life is a reality, but it is not that stern, harsh thing which we try to believe it. It does not take from us our holy aspirations, nor thwart our noble purposes; it only ripens the dream into the reality.

"Some dreams we have are nothing else but dreams,
Unnatural, and full of contradiction;
While others, of our most romantic schemes,
Are something more than fiction."

Litchfield, Mich., 1861. MILLICENT GRAY.

◆

English Literature.—It is astonishing how much substantial nutriment can be obtained from books. English literature presents to the hungry reader a rich variety of solid dishes. One can take a cut of tender and juicy *Lamb* or a slice of *Bacon;* nor are the *Greenes* wanting. If he is not fond of smoked meat, there is the original *Hogg*, or he may choose a *Suckling* or a *Kyd*. He may have a *Boyle*, if not a roast; and if he is fond of fish, there's *Pollok*. Some like a dish of *Crabbe*—a little crusty, yet many prefer a poet still more *Shelley*. And what for dessert? *O-pie*. To wash all these good things down there is plenty of *Porter*, and flowing *Bowles*, with a *Butler* to serve them. With such a feast before him, one may "laugh and grow fat" until he gets an *Akenside*, and all *Scott* free. What the *Dickens* can he want *Moore?*—*Home Journal.*

◆

How to Live Well.—Good meals at moderate intervals, and the stomach left to rest between. Some interval—an interval of active exercise is the best—between books and food. A leisure hour for dinner, and cheerful conversation after it. A short nap, for those who need or like it after dinner. Light occupation in the evening—literature, or correspondence, with more or less social intercourse, music, or other recreation. These are each and all highly desirable; but the most indispensable of all is strenuous and various exercise.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"IT'S SO COMMON!"

Such is the contemptuous form of condemnation which we so often hear most headlessly and unthinkingly passed upon many "a thing of beauty," by persons who appear to value any object in proportion to its rarity. No matter how intrinsically beautiful a piece of goods, say a lady's dress, may be in its design, no matter how exquisite the taste which has contrived to render the simplest materials subservient to adornment, which is none the less winning because of its chaste simplicity—if it be a thing so ordinary in texture and material as to be within the reach of all, or nearly all, the ambitious devotee of fashion, the haughty aspirant after what is distinguishing, chiefly because it is costly, passes it by with a disdainful curl of her lips, and remarks that "It's so common;" and of course being so, will not suit a person so very *distinguee* as herself!

The same idea is the guide of the irreproachably got-up exquisite of the other sex, who probably sets such an exaggerated value upon his own precious self, chiefly because he really believes himself a very uncommon person and consequently a very superior article! It would be well indeed, if such be-jewelled and well-chained specimens of what Carlyle calls "the man-milliner species" of the *genus homo*, were as rare as they themselves vainly imagine; but alas! they are "so common!"—as common on the pavement and in the saloons of our large cities as sands upon the shore of old Ocean—and as dull and stupid as they are common.

But beautiful things are also "common"—thanks to that Great and Good Being, whose tender mercies are over all "His works," and who has spread out the blue heavens "like a curtain," the exquisite dye of which is the "common" enjoyment of all His children, and, not improbably, most admired and appreciated by those who know the least of any other curtain. These also enjoy another very "common" blessing—the circumambient air which is given for the sustentation and pleasure of us all, but enjoyed most by those who dwell far away among the mountains where least is known of man's too often polluting presence. It is given to all by our Heavenly Father as freely as the rays of His sun-light, or the refreshing beams of His ever enduring mercy.

The same Divine love, as unmerited as it is free, has spread the earth over with the most exquisite types of grace and beauty, which few, if any, appreciate as they deserve to be appreciated, simply because they are "so common"—those "stars of earth," the "golden flowers." How many there are who admire the stately beauty of the rare and costly exotic, and yet wholly forget to "consider the lilies of the field!" How many who greet with warm praise, real or affected, the more rare and stately varieties of the rose, pass by with indifference and disregard their fair and delicate country cousin, the dog-rose, which, "single" though it be, possesses a grace and beauty we look for in vain in many of the proud double-blossomed favorites of the fashionable florist. But then the dog-rose is "so common," and will condescend to adorn the waysides and hedgerows with its delicate blush, and "waste its sweetness" on the "common" people!

How beautiful in their very simplicity are the pale yellow blossoms of the wild primrose, the dark blue or white petals of the violet, the winning looks of the Germander Speedwell, well named "Eyebright" by the elder poets of Old England, in whose beautiful lanes, glens and woodlands they blossom luxuriantly, as many pleasant memories testify; nay, what more beautiful in its emerald brightness than the soft grass, bespangled with daisies, buttercups and dandelions, which meets us every where. Oh! how grateful to the eye is the soft hue of this most beautiful of carpets, and how refreshing the memories of childhood which it calls up; and yet how few prize an enjoyment which is "so common!" How few who can with Lowell find even in it an Eldorado, shining with the "harmless gold" of the dandelion. We never see one of these "dear common flowers" without thinking of his beautiful description:

"Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;
'Tis the Spring's largess, which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
Though most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unregarded eye."

We dare not, after quoting Lowell, prolong our own feeble prose utterances, so, with the last beautiful stanza of the poet's address to the Dandelion, we will take our leave:

"How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
When thou, for all gold, so common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book."

Cobourg, C. W., July 19, 1861. GERVAS HOLMES.

◆

SUMMER EVENINGS.

Summer evenings must have been created in a fit of remorse for the weariness and disappointments which fall to the lot of man and womankind during the long, bright summer days. The gairish sun, strong and self-sustained, is incapable of sympathy. It blazes down fiercely in hot wrath, or retires into dark and angry shadow, unmindful of blistering heads or breaking hearts. The moon alone, changeful as she is said to be, radiant though she is, looks down softly and pityingly on the sorrows she cannot cure, and assuages by seeming to share them.

Fair summer evenings are the time above all others when one cares to realize only the bliss of simple existence. To work, or make any active effort, is actually impossible, excepting for those disagreeably industrious people who are never satisfied, as they say, "to be still a minute." It is almost too much exertion to walk. It is happiness to sit in the shadow of the moonlight, in the open air, where thought flows free, and dream and philosophize with some one—the other counterpart, if the world hold it, of oneself—if not, *dream alone*. Share the daylight, the gas-illuminated parlors, or even the winter fire-side, with laughter-loving friends, but the sweet summer evenings, with its loving kisses wafted by every breath to cheek and lip, not with the crowd should you share these. Let the moonlight shine on a white tablet in your heart, *sacred to,*—or, *sacred to a memory.*—*New York Dispatch.*

◆

We are ruined, not by what we really want, but by what we think we do; therefore, never go abroad in search of your wants; if they be real wants, they will come home in search of you; for he that buys what he does not want, will soon want what he cannot buy.

Sabbath Musings.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE STREAM THAT ALL MUST FORD.

BY MRS. A. L. HORTON.

Close on the brink of a dread stream I'm standing,
Cold, chilling winds come sweeping to the shore,
Its broad, still waves, in awful gloom expanding,
To bear me, wait, whence I return no more.

Would the faint light that gleams from yonder landing
But throw its beams the chartless waters o'er;
Then would my soul, its wings of faith expanding,
Strike boldly out for yon untrodden shore.

Ofttimes the chilly mist that, ever hovering
Over the stream, obscures its beams from sight;
But yet I know it shines, fixed and unwavering,
Across the wave to guide my way aright.

No friend with me will traverse those drear waters—
They'll leave me at the brink, the truest, best;
But One alone, whose love ne'er ebbs or falters,
Can lead me to his Own eternal rest.

And when, with sad and tear-dimm'd eyes, I'm gazing
Back on the past, whose shadows o'er me lower,
I seem to hear a voice, so softly saying,
"Look not upon the past—it comes no more.

"Fix but thine eyes on yon celestial beacon,
The unresisting waves will bear thee o'er,
With songs of joy the sleeping echoes waken,
Thy loved ones wait thee on the other shore."

O, Savior, when I enter Death's dark portal,
May Thy sustaining Presence still be near;
With trembling joy I'll put on the immortal,
And launch upon that stream without a fear.

Dundee, N. Y., 1861.

◆

THE PRIVILEGE OF PRAYER.

Consider how august a privilege it is, when angels are present, when cherubim and seraphim encircle with their blaze the throne, that a mortal may approach with unrestrained confidence, and converse with heaven's dread Sovereign. O! what honor was ever conferred like this? When a Christian stretches forth his hands to pray, and invokes his God, in that moment he leaves all terrestrial pursuits, and traverses on the wings of intellect the realms of light; he contemplates celestial objects only, and knows not of the present state of things during the period of his prayer, provided that prayer be breathed with fervency.

Prayer is a heaven to the shipwrecked mariner; an anchor to them that are sinking in the waves; a staff to the limbs that totter; a mine of jewels to the poor; a security to the rich; a healer of diseases, and a guardian of health. Prayer at once secures the continuance of our blessings, and dissipates the cloud of our calamities. O blessed prayer! thou art the unwearied conqueror of human woes, the only firm foundation of human happiness, the source of ever-during joy, the mother of philosophy. The man who can pray truly, though languishing in extremest indigence, is richer than all beside; while the wretch who never bowed the knee, though proudly seated as a monarch of a nation, is of all men the most destitute.—*Chrysostom.*

◆

Woman without Religion.—A man may, in some sort, tie his frail hopes and honors, with weak, shifting ground tackle, to his business of the world; but a woman without the anchor called Faith is a drift and a wreck. A man may clumsily continue a kind of responsibility or motive, but a woman can find no basis in any system of right action than that of spiritual faith. A man may craze his thoughts and his brain to thoughtfulness in such poor harborage as fame and reputation may spread before him; but a woman—where can she put her hope, in storms, if not in heaven?

And that sweet truthfulness—that abiding love, that endearing hope, mellowing every scene of life, lighting them with pleasantest radiance, when the world's cold storms break like an army with smoking cannon—what can bestow it all but a holy soul-tie to what is stronger than an army with cannon? Who that has enjoyed the love of a God-loving mother, but will echo the thought with energy, and hallow it with a tear?—*Ik. Marvel.*

◆

A Stronger Religion.—We have had too much rose-water religion. We have been almost wrecked, as a people, by tolerating error under the garb of philanthropy. The delicate nerves of our modern civilization have shrunk from capital punishment as a relic of primeval barbarism. There has been more sympathy with the criminal than with society. This has shown itself in theological statements, modifying the statements of God's word. Many could not bear to hear of the eternal punishment of the wicked. Philanthropy was taking the place of religion; humanity the place of divinity. There seems to have been almost an actual softening of the brain of the body politic, so far have the people been educating themselves for disintegration and dissolution. Now, as a remedy for this state of things, come the summons of Divine Providence to gird up the mind of the nation.—*Rev. Dr. W. Adams.*

◆

Excellence of Labor.—Labor is of noble birth; but prayer is the daughter of heaven. Labor has a place near the throne, but prayer touches the golden scepter. Labor, Martha-like, is busy with much serving, but prayer sits with Mary at the feet of Jesus. Labor climbs the mountain, with Moses; but prayer soars upward with Elijah, in a chariot of fire. Labor has the raven's wing, yet sometimes goes forth in vain; but prayer has the pinions of the dove, and never returns but with the olive-leaf of blessing.

"They that be wise shine as the brightness of the firmament: and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."

◆

In attempting to convert a sinner from the error of his way, one should be as careful as though he were endeavoring to revive a rapidly expiring fire. Not trundle in a scuttle-full of dogmas all at once, so that the faint spark which gives indications of spiritual life is so overwhelmed by the mass, that it can with difficulty force its way through it, or perhaps is smothered entirely; but drop a truth here, a maxim there, always striving to keep the spark alive. Fan it, do not blow it out.

◆

A Christian should look upon himself as sacred and devoted. For that which involves but an ordinary degree of criminality in others, in him partakes of the nature of sacrilege; what is a breach of trust in others, is in him the profanation of the temple.—*Robert Hall.*

◆

Knowledge without Love.—If thou didst know the whole Bible by heart, and the sayings of all the philosophers, what would it all profit thee without the love of God, and his grace?—*Thos. A. Kempis.*

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

"Who said that the stars on our banner were dim—
  That their glory had faded away?
Look up and behold! how bright through each fold
  They are flashing and smiling to-day.
A few wand'ring meteors only have paled—
  They shot from their places on high;
But the *fixed* and the *true* still illumine the blue,
  And will, while old ages go by!"

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 3, 1861.

THE WAR'S PROGRESS.

FACTS, SCENES, INCIDENTS, ETC.

Sketches of Army Officers.

Brigadier General Siegel.—Franz Siegel, who has been doing such noble service for the Union in Missouri, is thirty-seven years of age, and a German by birth. He is a graduate of the military school at Carlsruhe. He entered the regular army of Baden, and was advanced to the post of chief adjutant in 1847. His sympathies with the first revolution in Southern Germany lost him his commission. He was appointed General-in-Chief in the beginning of the second revolution, May, 1848, and led the forlorn hope of the liberal party with great energy and zeal. He came to America in 1850; was a Professor in Dr. Dulon's Academy, and married Dr. Dulon's daughter. He received a call to a professorship in St. Louis, where he soon became distinguished by his great military talents, and on the first call of the President for troops to defend the Government against the machinations of the rebels, he instantly entered the field, raising a regiment of German troops in St. Louis. The regiment chose him Colonel, but for his courage, zeal, and display of military skill, President Lincoln made him Brigadier General.

Brigadier General Rosencrans.—This officer, who so gallantly won the battle of Rich Mountain, is to succeed Gen. McClellan in command on the upper Potomac. Gen. William S. Rosencrans is a native of Ohio and a West Point officer, having entered the Military Academy in 1838. He was brevetted Second Lieutenant of Engineers in July, 1842, and was subsequently Assistant Professor of Engineering, and of Natural and Experimental Philosophy in 1847. A few years after this he resigned his commission in the army, and in the year 1854 he settled in Cincinnati as an architect and civil engineer, from which position he was called at the opening of the present war to take command of a regiment of Ohio volunteers. He was soon after appointed to the command of a brigade, in which position he fought and won the admirable battle of Rich Mountain, which resulted in the surrender of the rebel leader, Colonel Pegram, and his forces, and the rout of Gen. Garnett's army at Beverly. Gen. Rosencrans is in the full vigor of manhood, and enjoys the reputation of a skillful and valiant officer. It is, therefore, to be hoped that he will prove a worthy successor of Gen. McClellan, in command of the important department over which he has been placed.

Gen. John J. Abercrombie.—This gentleman commands a brigade composed of Pennsylvania and Wisconsin volunteers. He is a native of Tennessee, of Scotch descent, as his name would indicate, and about sixty years of age. He entered the West Point Military Academy as a cadet in 1817, and entering the army in 1822, rose from a Second Lieutenant to a Captain in 1836; he was brevetted Major "for gallant and meritorious services in Florida, to rank from the day on which was fought the battle of Okeechobee, on which occasion he acted with the greatest gallantry and coolness," Dec. 25, 1837. He served with distinction in the Mexican war, and was brevetted Lieut. Colonel "for gallant and meritorious conduct in the severe conflicts of Monterey," in Sept., 1846, on the first day of which he was wounded. In 1852, he was promoted to a full Lieut. Colonelcy in 2d infantry, in which he has since served. True to his country and his flag, with over forty years' military experience, he has been worthily promoted to a Brigadier General, and has gallantly led his brigade in the advance of Gen. Patterson's army in entering Virginia, taking the post of honor, and performing the chief part in defeating the five rebel regiments between Williamsport and Martinsburg on the 2d of July.

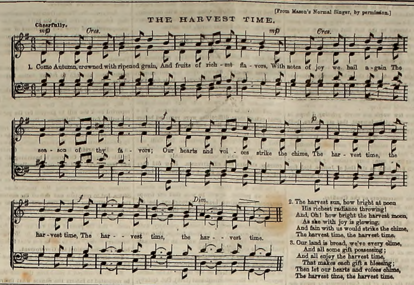
Major Heinselman.—During the recent battle at Manassas, this gallant officer lost an arm, a casualty which will doubtless deprive us of his services. In a rebuke to those editors who have been crying "On to Richmond" through every issue of their journals, Thurlow Weed relates the following incident:—"Some years since, while in Mexico, a bush-house, containing all the ammunition of the regiment, caught fire. The danger was imminent. An officer commanded the men to rush through the flames and bring out the powder. But the men hesitated, while the flames spread. At this critical moment, Major (then Captain) Heinselman appeared, exclaiming, "Boys! follow me!" and rushing himself into the magazine, was the first to emerge with a keg of powder in his arms. The men *did* follow, and the work was accomplished.

Another word of this gallant officer. Some weeks since, when the field officers for the new regiment were about to be designated, we were dining with General Scott, and asked to say a word in behalf of an officer we thought entitled to promotion. "Who, sir?" inquired the General. "Major Heinselman," and as we were about to add something more, the veteran interrupted, "not a word, sir—I am responsible for Major Heinselman's promotion." This was sternly but kindly said, when Colonel Stone, who was present, related the magazine incident.

Colonel Hecker.—In the "Faderland" Hecker was, at one period, Siegel's superior officer. When our difficulties began, hearing of the movements of his aforetime brother-in-arms, he left his pleasant home in Illinois with his son, and both entered as privates in Siegle's regiment. This prompt and patriotic movement of the German population fired the emulation of their fellow countrymen in Illinois, who immediately organized a Jager regiment in that State, and sent for Hecker to become their commander. At first Hecker declined, declaring that he preferred fighting as a private under his old friend, in whom he had more confidence than himself, but yielded at last and proceeded to Illinois to assume the colonelcy of the Jagers.

[From Mason's Normal Singer, by permission.]

THE HARVEST TIME.



Cheerfully.
mp
Cres.
1. Come Autumn, crowned with ripened grain, And fruits of rich - est fla - vors, With notes of joy we hail a-gain The
sea - son of thy fa - vors; Our hearts and voi - ces strike the chime, The har - vest time, the
f
p
har - vest time, The har - - vest time, the har - - vest time.
Dim.

2. The harvest sun, how bright at noon
  His richest radiance throwing!
And, Oh! how bright the harvest moon,
  As she with joy is glowing,
And fain with us would strike the chime,
The harvest time, the harvest time.

3. Our land is broad, we've every clime,
  And all some gift possessing;
And all enjoy the harvest time,
  That makes each gift a blessing;
Then let our hearts and voices chime,
The harvest time, the harvest time.

Col. Slocum of the 2d Rhode Island.—Colonel John W. Slocum, of the 2d Rhode Island regiment, who is reported among the killed, was a young and accomplished officer, having been for a time at West Point, and having also seen service in Mexico. His age was about thirty-five years, and he was a son-in-law of Gen. James, late Senator from Rhode Island, and inventor of the new arms bearing his name. Col. Slocum entered the service for the present war as Major in Col. Burnside's regiment, the 1st Rhode Island. When a second regiment was called from the brave little State, he was made its commander.

Col. Cameron of the 79th New York.—Col. James D. Cameron of the 79th (Highlanders) regiment of New York, who was killed, although colonel of a New York regiment, was a Pennsylvanian, having been born and having always resided in that State. He was a younger brother of the Secretary of War, and when the New York Highlanders were organizing for service, they elected him, as one of the Clan Cameron in this country, for their commanding officer. This was the first military position he ever held. Colonel Cameron was over fifty years of age. He was like his brother, the Secretary of War, originally a printer, but since he came to manhood he has been engaged in various public works. Of late years he has resided at Milton, Northumberland count . He leaves no family.

The Irish on the Death Roll.

Under the above caption a late issue of the *Dublin Nation* remarks:

Of five thousand men who marched from New York in one week for the war in the South, three thousand were Irish. From nearly every city in America, the scene of similar departures, we hear of a like proportion of the Irish element in the battalions; for whenever there is danger to be braved or courage to be displayed, the Celtic exile is found in the foremost ranks. Let England be troubled as she may for her cotton bales, it may be truly stated that Ireland will be more deeply, more mournfully, affected by the disasters in America, than any other country in the world. The lives of her exiled children will be offered in thousands. Many a mother's heart in Ireland, long cheered by the affectionate and dutiful letter and the generous offerings of filial love, will be left lone and widowed by the red bolts of war. Many a fireside from Dunluce to Castlehaven will be filled with mourning as each American mail arrives. Even already it has begun. Already, light as is the reckoning of dead, Ireland has paid the largest penalty. It was only a day or two ago we were told that three young men had been killed by the bursting of a gun at Fort Sumter. We now find that of the whole garrison which defended the fort, the greater part were Irish; while of the three killed at the sallyport, two were Irishmen! One of these was Edward Galway, of Skibbereen, in Cork county, as brave a young Irishman as ever stood on a tented field; and, higher tribute still, as affectionate and dutiful a son as ever cheered a parent's heart. In his native town where he and his honored parents were known but to be respected and loved by all, the news has caused a gloom and sorrow—the utterance of earnest sympathy and the presage of dark fear that threaten many a parent's heart besides the one thus stricken now. Each one begins to realize the horrors of such a war as that now enveloping America; a war threatening as much sorrow, widowhood and affliction to the homes of Ireland, as of America itself. To the families of our fallen countrymen it must, however, be a proud feeling that they have fallen nobly, attesting the gratitude and fidelity of Irishmen to the home of their adoption. Yet for us, as we behold this mournful spectacle of valor and devotion in such a cause—our brothers falling in a strife that never should have been waged—we cannot restrain the death-cry of Sarafield, on Landenalion:—"Oh, that it were but for Ireland!"

Discharge of Officers.

On Saturday our dispatches announced the transfer of Gen. Patterson's command to Gen. Banks. The following is the official order for the discharge of Gen. Patterson and other officers whose term of service has expired:

War Department,
Adjutant-General's Office,
Washington, July 19, 1861.

General Orders No. 46:

1. Major-General Robert Patterson, of the Pennsylvania Volunteers, will be honorably discharged from the service of the United States on the 27th inst., when his term of duty will expire. Brevet Major-General Cadwallader, also of the Pennsylvania Volunteers, will be honorably discharged upon the receipt of this order, as his term of service expires to-day.

2. Major-General Dix, of the United States forces, will relieve Major-General Banks of the same service in his present command, which will in future be called the Department of Maryland, headquarters at Baltimore. Upon being relieved by Major-General Dix, Major-General Banks will proceed to the valley of Virginia, and assume command of the army now under Major-General Patterson, when that Department will be called the Department of the Shenandoah, headquarters in the field.

3. The following named general officers will be honorably discharged upon the expiration of their terms of service, as set hereinafter opposite their respective names, viz.:

New York State Militia—Major-General Sandford, August 18, 1861.

New Jersey Volunteers—Brigadier-General Theodore Runyon, July 30, 1861.

Ohio Volunteers—Brigadier-General J. D. Cox, July 30, 1861; Brigadier-General J. N. Bates, August 27, 1861.

Indiana Volunteers—Brigadier-General T. A. Morris, July 27, 1861.

4. Surgeons of brigades rank as surgeons only.

5. Officers mustering out volunteers will charge upon the rolls the indebtedness of the troops to the State by which they were furnished.

By order, L. Thomas, Adjutant-General.

Bull's Run and the Country About.

The present war seems destined to give notoriety to many points, which would otherwise have been known only to the few who chanced to reside in their immediate vicinity. Such a spot is Bull's Run, and we take the annexed description from the N. Y. *Commercial:*

From Fairfax Court House to Warrenton the distance by turnpike is a little over thirty miles in a direction nearly west by south. This road runs nearly parallel with the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, only from four to six miles further west. The village of Centerville, containing one church and about two hundred and fifty inhabitants, is situated seven or eight miles beyond Fairfax, and three or four this side of Bull's Run. It was while the division under Gen. Tyler was marching along a turnpike a little to the left of the Warrenton road, *i. e.* between Centerville and Manassas Junction, that the affair of last Thursday took place. The principal part of the battle on Sunday was fought higher up the river—though the extreme left of our army extended as far east as the line of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad.

Bull's Run is a stream between thirty and forty miles long, discharging its waters into the Occoquan, a tributary of the Potomac. It divides the counties of Fairfax and Prince William. The first named does not flow from the mountains, but collects its waters from the rolling and woody country lying to the right of the turnpike. This road crosses the "Run" near the middle of its course. In the summer season it is usually fordable by infantry; the late rains, however, would seem to have swollen it considerably, for temporary bridges had to be constructed where those before existing had been destroyed by the enemy. The river makes several curves in that vicinity—hence we read of Col. Hunter's division leaving it "on their left" a considerable distance, before approaching the point where they were to cross it. The general course of Bull's Run is at right angles to the turnpike to Warrenton.

On both sides the grounds rise to elevations of fifty or one hundred feet, and the country being heavily timbered, the rebels, it will be seen, had secured an excellent position. The federal troops had to traverse a neighborhood of which they could know less than their enemies; had to cross a deep stream, ascend an eminence, on the sides and summits of which numerous open and concealed batteries were ready to rain their iron storm. To reach them in any direction except in front, our men had to cut their way through the woods, over marshes and across the river, being liable at any moment to be assailed from quarters where they had received no intimation of danger. It requred the highest degree of skill, courage, and discipline to make the attack, under such circumstances, with any likelihood of success.

The Rebel Camp at Manassas.

We copy the following description of the position and surroundings of Gen. Beauregard's camp, from a secession journal, the *New Orleans Picayune.* From the details given we may learn some important lessons, first, the advantages of the location; second, the remarkable secresy with which the commanding officer conducts all of his movements. That Northern journals and their correspondents have furnished "aid and comfort to the enemy" through their publications, there is not the shadow of a doubt, and it is to be hoped this means of imparting valuable information to our foes will be speedily suppressed, either through the exercise of wisdom on the part of writers, or by the employment of military authority and power. The letter is dated "Manassas Junction, July 7," and remarks:

This place still continues the headquarters of the army of the Potomac. There are many indications of an intended forward movement, the better to invite the enemy to an engagement, but the work of fortification still continues. By nature the position is one of the strongest that could have been found in the whole State. About half-way between the eastern spur of the Blue Ridge and the Potomac, below Alexandria, it commands the whole country between so perfectly that there is scarcely a possibility of its being turned. The right wing stretches off toward the head waters of the Occoquan, through a wooded country, which is easily made impassible by the felling of trees. The left is a rolling table land, easily commanded from the successive elevations, till you reach a country so rough and so rugged that it is a defence to itself. The key to the whole position is precisely that point which Gen. Beauregard chose for his center, and which he has fortified so strongly that in the opinion of military men, 5,000 men could there hold 20,000 at bay.

The position, in fact, is fortified, in part, by Nature herself. It is a succession of hills, nearly equi-distant from each other, in front of which is a ravine so deep and so thickly wooded that it is passable only at two points, and those through gorges which fifty men can defend against a whole army. It was at one of these points that the Washington Artillery were at first encamped, and though only half the battalion was then there, and we had only one company of infantry to support us, we slept as soundly under the protection of our guns as if we had been in a fort of the amplest dimensions.

Of the fortifications superadded here by Gen. Beauregard to those of nature, it is of course not proper for me to speak. The general reader, in fact, will have a sufficiently precise idea of them by conceiving a line of forts some two miles in extent, zig-zag in form, with angles, salients, bastions, casements, and everything that properly belongs to works of this kind.

The strength and advantages of this position at Manassas are very much increased by the fact that 14 miles further on is a position of similar formation, while the country between is admirably adapted to the subsistence and entrenchment of troops in numbers as large as they can easily be manœuvred on the real battle field. Water is good and abundant; forage such as is everywhere found in the rich farming districts of Virginia, and the communication with all parts of the country easy.

Here, overlooking an extensive plain, watered by mountain streams which ultimately find their way to the Potomac, and divided into verdant fields of wheat, and oats, and corn, pasture and meadow, are the headquarters of the advanced forces of the army of the Potomac. They are South Carolinians, Louisianians, Alabamians, Mississippians, and Virginians, for the most part; the first two, singular enough, being in front, and that they will keep it their friends at home may rest assured. Never have I seen a finer body of men—men who were more obedient to discipline or breathed a more self-sacrificing patriotism.

As might be expected from the skill with which he has chosen his position, and the system with which he encamps and moves his men, Gen. Beauregard is very popular here. I doubt if Napoleon himself had more the undivided confidence of his army. By nature, as also from a wise policy, he is very reticent. Not an individual here knows his plans or a single move of a regiment before it is made, and then only the Colonel and his men know where it goes to. There is not a man here who can give anything like a satisfactory answer as to how many men he has, or where his exact lines are. For the distance of 14 miles around you see tents everywhere, and from them you can make a rough estimate of his men, but how many more are encamped on the by-roads and in the forests none can tell. The new comer, from what he sees at first glance, puts down the number at about 80,000 men; those who have been here longest estimate his force at 40,000 or 50,000, and some even at 90,000 strong. And there is the same discrepancy as to the quantity of his artillery. So close does the General keep his affairs to himself, his left hand hardly knows what his right hand doeth, and so jealous is he of this prerogative of a commanding officer, that I verily believe if he suspected his coat of any acquaintance with the plans revolving within him, he would cast it from him.

The Battle of Manassas.

The report of this battle in the N. Y. *World* is the most graphic and vivid among the many thus far sent out by the press. We extract such portions of the description as relate to movements from the hour of noon until the retreat of our troops occurred:

The Heat of the Contest.—It was now noon and the battle commenced in the fierceness of its most extended fury. The batteries on the distant hill began to play upon our own, and upon our advancing troops, with hot and thunderous effect. Carlisle answered for us, and Sherman for Hunter's Division, while the great 32-pounder addressed itself resistlessly to the alternate defenses of the foe. The noise of the cannonading was deafening and continuous. Conversely to the circumstance of the former engagement, it completely drowned, at this period, the volleys of the musketry and riflemen. It blanched the cheeks of villagers at Centerville, to the main street of which place some of the enemy's rifled shell were thrown. It was heard at Fairfax, at Alexandria, at Washington itself. Five or six heavy batteries were in operation at once, and to their clamor was added the lesser roll of twenty thousand small arms. What could we civilians see of the fight at this time? Little; yet perhaps more than any who were engaged in it. How anxiously we strained our eyes to catch the various movements, thoughtless of everything but the spectacle and the successes or reverses of the Federal army. Our infantry was engaged in woods and meadows beyond our view. We knew not the nature nor the position of the force they were fighting. But now and then there would be a fierce rush into the open prospect, a gallant charge on one side and a retreat on the other, and we saw plainly that our columns were gaining ground, and steadily pursuing their advantage by their gradual movement which continued toward the distance and the enemy's center.

We indeed heard continuous tidings of heroism and victory; and those in the trees above us told us more than we could discover with our field glasses from below. We heard that Hunter had fairly rounded the enemy's flank, and then we listened for ourselves to the sound of his charges in the northern woods, and saw for ourselves the air gathering up smoke from their branches, and the wavering column of the Mississippians as they fled from their first battery, and were forced into the open field. Then we saw our own 69th and 79th corps, animated by a chivalrous national rivalry, press on to the support of the more distant column. We could catch glimpses of the continual advances and retreats; could hear occasionally the guns of a battery before undiscovered; could guess how terribly all this accumulation of death must tell upon those undaunted men, but could also see—and our cheers continually followed the knowledge—that our forces were gradually driving the right of the enemy around the second quarter of a circle, until by 11 o'clock the main battle was raging at a point almost directly opposite our standing place—the road at the edge of the woods—where it had commenced six hours before.

There was a hill at the distance of a mile and a half. From its height, overlooking the whole plain, a few shell had reached us early in the day, and as it was nearer the Manassas road than almost any other portion of the field, more of the enemy's reinforcements gathered about its ridge than to the aid of the beaten rebels in the woods and valleys. Here there was an open battery, and long lines of infantry in support, ready, for a wonder, to let our wearied fellows see the fresh forces they had to conquer. As the Sixty-ninth, Thirteenth, and Seventy-ninth wound round the meadows to the north of this hill, and began to cross the road apparently with the intention of scaling it, we saw a column coming down from the furthest perspective, and for a moment believed it be a portion of Hunter's Division, and that it had succeeded in completely turning the enemy's rear. A wild shout rose from us all. But soon the look-out saw that its ensigns bore secession banners, and we knew that Johnson, or some other rebel General, was leading a horde of fresh troops against our united right and center. It was time for more regiments to be sent forward, and Keyes was ordered to advance with the First Tyler Brigade. The three Connecticut regiments and the Fourth Maine came on with a will; the First Connecticut was posted in reserve, and the other three corps swept up the field by the ford on the right, to aid the struggling advance.

All eyes were directed to the distant hill top, now the center of the fight. All could see the enemy's infantry ranging darkly against the sky beyond, and the first lines of our men moving with fine determination up the steep slope. The cannonading upon our advance, the struggle upon the hill top, the interchange of position between the contestants, were watched by us; and as new forces rushed in upon the enemy's side, the scene was repeated over and over again. It must have been here, I think, that the Sixty-ninth took and lost a battery eight times in succession, and finally were compelled, totally exhausted, to resign the completion of their work to the Connecticut regiments which had just come up. The Third Connecticut finally carried that summit, unfurled the Stars and Stripes above it, and paused from the fight to cheer for the Union cause.

Then the battle began to work down the returning half of the circle which the enemy described during the day, driven before the desperate charges of our troops, until they reached the very point where Tyler's advance commenced the action. Down the hill, and into the valley thickets on the left, the Zouaves, the Connecticut and New York regiments, with the unconquerable Rhode Islanders, drove the continually enlarging but always vanquished columns of the enemy. It was only to meet more batteries, earthwork succeeding earthwork, ambuscade after ambuscade. Our fellows were hot and weary; most had drank no water during hours of dust and smoke, and insufferable heat. No one knows what choking the battle atmosphere produces in a few moments, until he has personally experienced it. And so the conflict lulled for a little while. It was in the middle of a blazing afternoon. Our regiments kept the positions they had won, but the enemy kept receiving additions, and continued a flank movement towards our left—a dangerous movement for us,—a movement which those in the rear perceived, and vainly endeavored to induce some general officer to guard against.

Here was the grand blunder, or misfortune of the battle. A misfortune, that we had no troops in reserve after the Ohio regiments were again sent forward, this time to assist in building a bridge across the run on the Warrenton road, by the side of the stone bridge known to be mined. A blunder, in that the last reserve was sent forward at all. It should have been retained to guard the rear of the left, and every other regiment on the field should have been promptly recalled over the route by which it had advanced, ordered only to maintain such positions as rested on a supported, continuous line. Gen. Scott says, to-day, that our troops had aleady accomplished three day's work and should have rested long before. But McDowell tried to vanquish the South in a single struggle, and the sad result is before us.

As it was, Capt. Alexander with his Sappers and Miners, was ordered to cut through the *abatis* by the side of the mined bridge, in the valley directly before us, and lay pontoons across the stream. Carlisle's Artillery was detailed to protect the work, and the Ohio and Wisconsin reserve to support the artillery. Meanwhile in the lull which I have mentioned, the thousand heroic details of federal valor and the shamelessness of rebel treachery began to reach our ears. We learned the loss of the brave Cameron, the wounding of Heintzelman and Hunter, the fall of Haggerty and Slocum and Wilcox. We heard of the dash of the Irishmen and their decimation, and of the havoc made and sustained by the Rhode Islanders, the Highlanders, the Zouaves, and the Connecticut Third; then of the intrepidity of Burnside and Sprague—how the devoted and daring young Governor led the regiments he had so munificently equipped again and again to victorious charges, and at last spiked with his own hands, the guns he could not carry away. The victory seemed ours. It was an hour sublime in unselfishness, and apparently glorious in its results!

At this time, half-past four o'clock, I rode forward through the open plain to the creek where the abattis was being assailed by our engineers. The Ohio, Connecticut, and Minnesota regiments were variously posted thereabouts; others were in distant portions of the field; all were completely exhausted and partly dissevered; no General of division except Tyler, could be found. Where were our officers? Where was the foe? Who knew whether we had won or lost?

The question was quickly to be decided for us. A sudden swoop, and a body of cavalry rushed down upon our columns near the bridge. They came from the woods on the left, and infantry poured out behind them. Tyler and his staff, with the reserve, were apparently cut off by the quick manœuver. I, in gaining the position I had just left, there witnessed the capture of Carlisle's battery in the plain, and saw another force of cavalry and infantry pouring into the road at the very spot where the battle commenced, and near which the South Carolinians, who manned the battery silenced in the morning, had doubtless all day been lying concealed. The ambulances and wagons had gradually advanced to this spot, and of course an instantaneous confusion and dismay resulted. Our own infantry broke ranks in the field, plunged into the woods to avoid the road, and got up the hill as best they could, without leaders, every man saving himself in his own way.

THEORY OF THE DEFEAT.—This disastrous result of the action was perhaps inevitable—even though no panic had occurred at the close—from the three causes against which the noblest soldiery can never successfully oppose their daring. First, the enemy's forces had been largely underrated, and nearly doubled our own number; second, the onus of the attack rested entirely upon us, and the natural and scientific defences of the rebels made their position impregnable; third, many of our leaders displayed a lamentable want of military knowledge. There was little real Generalship in the field. There was no one mind of the Napoleonic order, at once centralizing and comprehending the entire movement of the day. There was no one to organize our regiments in strong, swift moving columns, and hurl them powerfully against the foe. Nor were the Generals of division more competent to their work. They exhibited personal bravery, but advantages gained were not secured; important points were abandoned as soon as carried, and a reckless, fatiguing pursuit preferred, until Beauregard and Davis, who commanded in person, led us on to positions thoroughly available for the attack of their final reinforcements.

As for us, no one had thought of providing that reserve absolutely necessary to the sealing and completion of a battle's success. It is the last conflict of the day that decides the victory and defeat. We had no cavalry to rout our retreating foe. Our artillery was not rendered efficient in the afternoon. Gen. Tyler neglected to guard his rear, and to check the pushing forward of his trains. As for the Colonels, many of those who were not wounded or killed in the engagement exhibited not merely inefficiency, but pusillanimity.

To conclude: before we can force our way through a country as well adapted for strategic defense as the fastnesses of the Piedmontese, the defiles of Switzerland, or the almost unconquerable wilds in which Schamyl so long held the Russians at bay—before we can possess and advance beyond the scientific intrenchments with which the skill of disloyal officers has made those Virginia forests so fearfully and mysteriously deathful to our patriotic soldiery, we must discover the executive leader whose genius shall oppose new modes of subduing a novel and thus far successful method of warfare, and whose alert action shall carry his devices into resistless effect.

The Panic—A Civilian's Views.

MR. G. P. PUTNAM, of New York, was at the recent disastrous battle, and writes to the *Evening Post* his views thereupon. These will be found worthy of perusal as showing that a false impression has been sent abroad by indiscreet telegraph operators. He says:

The few lines so hurriedly written by me in your office at the last moment for Tuesday's paper, and without any revision, appear to have interested many, whose inquiries show that the first reports, so lamentable and so disgraceful, had caused a universal depression, and even dismay. The peculiar circumstances in which I was placed enabled me with entire confidence to contradict and utterly disprove the main assertions and worst aspects of these reports, viz: that our whole army, in a general panic, made a disorderly and rapid retreat back to Fairfax and Washington. I merely wish to add a supplementary word or two, and a correction to that brief and hurried statement. I might have given you columns of what I saw and heard, but my object was to say only what I *knew positively* in contradiction to those shameful misstatements.

Even the correspondent of the Associated Press telegraphs from Washington, July 22d, thus:

"As fast as the federal troops retired, their positions were immediately occupied by the rebels, until Fairfax Court House was passed, after which the pursuit was not continued."

Now the simple fact which I related, viz., that I slept at Fairfax Court House nearly twelve hours after the battle was over, and that up to that time nothing had passed except army wagons and less than one thousand soldiers (I believe not more than five hundred;) that we then walked quietly and slowly back to Alexandria, assisting now and then to recover some of the army drove of cattle, straying from the road; that these cattle—some fifty—were thus driven all the way to Alexandria; and that during the whole night, as I knew, both by my own eyes and by inquiry, no large bodies of troops had passed from Centerville—all this appears to show that what was bad enough at first was quickly corrected, and that a lamentably false impression was given to the whole country by the first inconsiderate reports made in the midst of the panic.

It is due to our brave troops, and to the New York troops especially, (not one of whom was to be seen on the road) that this disgraceful and demoralizing impression should be promptly removed. We should be wholly disgraced before the world if these stories had been true. The truth should be shown, whatever the consequences: but libels on our whole army, after the noble stand and the heroic service done that day, are more than wicked.

Let me add, that it was the First New Jersey Regiment, Col. Montgomery, coming up from Vienna at 4 P. M., which so promptly and effectually stopped the stampede, put the wagons in perfect order, regulated everything on the road, and then, at 5 P. M., marched on towards the battle-field. They deserve all credit for this important service. To show how effectual it was, I need only repeat that Mr. Tilley, of Rhode Island, and myself, remained till 6¼ o'clock at the very spot where the stampede was stopped, where we had the melancholy satisfaction of aiding with a cup of pure water the few wounded and sick men who came limping from the field. The whole panic was stopped in twenty minutes. It was causeless and disgraceful during this time and at the place where it occurred. The day was lost by it; but, as far as the retreat or flight was concerned, it was stopped within two or three miles and in less time than it takes to write about it.

As to the actual engagement, every patriotic heart will be cheered by the fact that our men behaved nobly and fought heroically, with exceptions so few that they hardly deserve notice. From all sources testimony to this effect was abundant. Dozens of the soldiers, wounded or worn out, with whom I talked, were full of pluck, saying: "In a fair and equal fight we can beat the rebels easily; wherever we could get at them they were driven back and put to flight." This remark was not mine, as was printed yesterday, but was made by the men who had been in the thickest of the fray.

If these few words are worth printing, I hope, in this hour of anxious interest, that my motive, both in interpreting and relating these circumstances, will not be misjudged. If in the least useful, it is, I suppose, the more satisfactory if personally identified. Only for that reason I add my name. Let us do *justice* to our brave men; learn wisdom by experience; and with firm faith in the God of Justice, look forward to an early and effectual remedy of what may prove to be a *useful* disaster.

Secession Statements of the Conflict.

IN the New Orleans *Picayune* of the 20th inst., we find the following telegraphic dispatch from Richmond, giving an account of the first fight at Bull's Run:

RICHMOND, July 19.—The Secretary of War and the Adjutant-General inform me that they have no particulars as to the Confederate loss, or as to the names of the killed and wounded, at the battle yesterday on Bull's Run, near Manassas. Private reports so far, refer only to small losses in Virginia, and regret that *the loss of the Confederates is vastly disproportioned* to the supposed loss of the Federals.

[This dispatch is contradictory in its terms, but we give it as received.—*Eds. Picayune.*]

The *Picayune* has these editorial remarks upon the fight:

There was quite a stir in town last night when it was whispered around, somewhere towards the small hours, that the invitation of Gen. McDowell, U. S. A., had been accepted by Gen. Beauregard, C. S. A., and that the Lincoln General had got something more than he bargained for. In the vicinity of the newspaper offices there were heard at intervals several explosions of hearty enthusiasm, and shouts of "Huzza for Beauregard."

Now, from what we have learned from the very minute description given us of these localities by a gentleman who visited them only a few days ago, and who is now in our city, this same *Bull Run is the very spot that was most desired by our side for the fight that it was anticipated would shortly take place thereabout.* Beauregard has it very finely defended, and was just as ready to try the fortunes of a meeting there as at any other point that could possibly have been selected by the enemy. The result showed that his sagacity was not at fault. The battle appears, from the brief and desultory accounts that have been telegraphed to us, to have been a well-contested one, the enemy having suffered two repulses before retreating in confusion and loss.

A correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, writing from Leesburg, estimates the rebel loss at 2,000 in killed and wounded, and says that 1,142 prisoners were taken—among them the Hon. Alfred Ely, of New York. Forty-two pieces of cannon, 15,000 small arms, and 100 wagons were captured.

[If the number of prisoners be as exaggerated as that of arms, 30 or 40 per cent., at least, must be deducted.]

A correspondent of the Baltimore *Exchange*, a red-hot rebel organ, says:

ALEXANDRIA, July 25, 1861.—I have received some particulars of the battle from authentic sources, which I transmit in brief. Only a portion of General Johnston's command was in the battle. They had made a forced march across the country, direct to Manassas Junction. The troops were composed of Georgia, South Carolina and Virginia soldiers, under General Johnston, and Alabamians, Mississipians and Marylanders, under Brevet Brigadier-General Bee. The Maryland line fought side by side with the Alabamians, and after the battle, were commended for their cool impetuosity and resolute courage by Generals Beauregard and Bee. The Lieutenant-Colonel of General Hampton's Legion (S. C.) was killed by a shot in the head from the battery covering the 79th New York regiment.

The Memphis *Argus* reports a loss of 3,000. Generals Barlow of Georgia, and Bee of South Carolina, were killed.

The Richmond *Whig* of the 24th, says that the battle of Bull's Run opened by throwing out heavy artillery and small field pieces at 8 o'clock A. M. The force of the enemy can never be ascertained. Our force was 20,000 men, who never fought more desperately. We have captured 18 pieces of artillery, and taken some 300 or 400 prisoners. The number of our killed and wounded cannot as yet be ascertained. It is estimated at 500 killed and wounded, while that of the enemy is several thousand. The Oglethorpe Light Infantry was cut to pieces, and Ballou's fine regiment of Georgians was nearly annihilated.

By the cars last evening, President Davis returned from the battle. In response to the calls of the immense crowd who had gathered to greet him, he alluded to the grand absorbing topic of the day. The enemy, he said, with the taxes they had been imposing on us for two years, had fitted out an army on a magnificent scale. They had come over to Virginia with plenty of arms and ammunition, and with ambulances fitted up in such a style of luxury as though they were still taxing the South. They had 500 or 600 army wagons, and provisions in abundance. In the campaign they had over 80,000 men, the finest parks of heavy artillery and light artillery. Of course they left everything behind them they could throw away. The train has brought in 100 prisoners, and there are 1200 more coming, including 65 officers. The probability is that the enemy lost 10,000 men. Our casualties will not exceed 1,200.

Among the Federal officers captured is Col. Carrington. Among the Confederate officers killed are Lieut.-Col. Johnson of the Hampton Legion, Col. Thomas of Gen. Johnston's staff, and Col. Fisher of the 6th North Carolina regiment. The regiments unreported are: Col. Stevens of Gen. Bee's staff, Col. Gartrell of Georgia, Lieut.-Col. Montgomery Gardner of the Georgia regiment, Col. Nelson of the 2d regiment, Col. Jones of the 4th Alabama regiment, Col. Hampton of the Legion.

The telegraph from Savannah, Ga., says that a general gloom pervaded that city on the reception of the news from Manassas. The 8th Georgia regiment, the "Stephens Guards," was the first one attacked by the 69th, 13th and 79th, and was terribly used up.

Winchester letters to secessionists in Baltimore, report in part 1,200 secessionists certainly killed at Manassas; that it is California Albert Johnston who is killed, and not Utah Joe Johnston; that the enemy retired from the field simultaneously with our army, believing they were beaten; and that Beauregard showed the white feather during the battle.

Our Own Boys, the N. Y. 13th.

WE cannot close our report of the disastrous affair near Manassas, without making reference to the glorious stand assumed and maintained by the Rochester regiment, known upon the government roll as the "13th N. Y. Volunteers." It is true that shortly after their arrival at Washington, numerous complaints were made by them in reference to various matters, and it is likewise true that considerable ground existed to base such complaints upon. To a great extent these difficulties were removed before marching upon Bull's Run, and the men moved forward fully resolved to perform their entire duty. They had established a reputation for drill and soldierly conduct while in camp, and a position was awarded them which would inevitably test their courage, stamina and effectiveness. How did they deport themselves when the struggle came? Let us examine the record:

The New York *Herald* says:—"From the details which we publish, it will be seen that our troops conducted themselves bravely throughout the engagement during the day, several of the New York regiments, including the 69th, 79th, 13th and Fire Zouaves, behaving with the greatest gallantry, until wearied and overpowered by fresh troops, they were compelled to follow the retreat which an unfortunate panic in the rear precipitated."

A letter in the Utica *Observer*, signed "J. E. R." of the 26th (Col. Christian's) regiment, in speaking of the valorous conduct of our troops at the battle, says:—"The Rochester regiment (13th), Col. Quinby, fought heroically all day."

The Reporter of the "Associated Press," in his detailed account of the battle, remarks:—"The most gallant charge of the day was made by the New York 69th, 79th and 13th, who rushed upon one battery, firing as they proceeded with perfect *elan*, and attacking it with the bayonet's point. Their yell of triumph seemed to carry all before it. They found that the rebels had abandoned the battery, and only taken one gun, but their success was acquired only by a severe loss of life."

W. H. Russell, correspondent of the London *Times*, commenting upon the character of these charges, said they "were not excelled, if equaled, by any made either by English or French troops at the Alma or Inkerman."

The Albany *Journal*, commenting upon the conduct of our troops, remarks that a "genuine natural rivalry existed between the 69th, 13th and 79th New York regiments, which told fearfully upon the rebels. All hail to the Shamrock and Thistle and our own Yankee lads! Col. Quinby, of the 13th, led his men with sleeves rolled up, and made fighting the order of the day."

Col. Quinby receives the following complimentary allusion from the N. Y. *Commercial*:—"Col. Quinby, at the head of the Thirteenth, was in the United States service ten years. He went through the Mexican war. He was assistant professor at West Point. He was elected Professor of Mathematics in the University of Rochester in 1851, and accepted. His father-in-law is Col. Gardiner, one of the most honored of the United States officers. Col. Quinby is an accomplished, experienced, thorough officer, without sham or display, and every inch a man. When the proclamation of the President sounded, Rochester called for Prof. Quinby to head its regiment. He left University, home, wife and eight children. We were closely associated for three years. It seems to me that I should have felt, 'I will not run. I will go with the Thirteenth.'"

We might add almost indefinitely to the foregoing, but it is needless. The boys fought heroically, and assisted in covering the retreat with the spirit of true soldiers. When the condition of our soldiers is considered, their performance seems wonderful. Taking up the line of march at 2 o'clock Sunday morning, engaging the enemy at 7, battling all day long, and retreating to their entrenchments Monday night, which were reached between 7 and 8 o'clock Tuesday morning, requires an amount of endurance and patient perseverance which a month since would not be awarded to Volunteers. Yet all this they accomplished, and in countless instances without food for twelve or fifteen hours. All honor to those who have so nobly defended the honor of the country, and all honor to our gallant Thirteenth.

Major Gen. McClellan's Command.

THE following list comprised the troops under command of Gen. MCCLELLAN at the date of the battle of Carricksford. He has now been transferred to the column at Washington, and has been succeeded by Brigadier Gen. Rosecrans. Gen. R. has in Virginia upward of 30,000 men, besides reserves in Ohio with whom he can instantly communicate by telegraph:

AT BEVERLY, LAUREL HILL, AND BUCKHANNON.

Headquarters of Major Gen. McClellan and Brigadier Gens. Rosecrans and Schleich.

Third Ohio Volunteers, Col. J. H. Marrows.
Fourth Ohio Volunteers, Col. Lorin Andrews.
Sixth Ohio, Col. Bosley.
Ninth Ohio Volunteers, Col. R. L. McCook.
Tenth Ohio Volunteers, Col. W. H. Lytle.
Fourteenth Ohio Volunteers, Col. J. B. Steadman.
Seventeenth Ohio Volunteers, Col. J. M. Connell.
Eighteenth Ohio Volunteers, Col. J. R. Stanley.
Nineteenth Ohio Volunteers, Col. Samuel Bratty.
Twentieth Ohio Volunteers, Col. Thomas Morton.
Eighth Indiana Volunteers, Col. W. P. Benton.
Ninth Indiana Volunteers, Col. R. M. Milroy.
Tenth Indiana Volunteers, Col. M. D. Manson.
Fifteenth Indiana Volunteers, Col. G. D. Wagner.
Chicago Dragoons, Capt. C. W. Barker.
Chicago Sturgiss Rifles, Capt. W. Sturgiss.
Coldwater Artillery, Mich., Capt. T. W. Culp.
Flying Artillery, Capt Howe.

AT CHEAT RIVER.

Fifteenth Ohio Volunteers, Col. G. W. Andrews.
Sixteenth Ohio Volunteers, Col. J. Irvine.
First Virginia Union Volunteers, Col. ——.

AT CLARKSBURGH.

Second Virginia Union Volunteers, Col. ——.
Cincinnati Rover Dragoons, Capt. W. H. Stevens.

AT GRAFTON.

Headquarters of Brigadier Gen. Hill.

Seventeenth Indiana Volunteers, Col. E. Dumont.
Troop of Horse, Col. ——.
Regular Artillery, from Kansas, Col. ——.
Company I, Fourth Artillery, Lieut Ward.
Thirteenth Ohio Volunteers, Col. W. F. Smith.
Fifth Ohio Volunteers, Col. Dunning.

PHILLIPPA.

Brigadier Gen. Hill.

Sixth Indiana Volunteers, Col. Crittenden.

ALONG RAILROAD FROM PARKERSBURGH TO GRAFTON.

Twenty-second Ohio Volunteers, Col. W. E. More.

GLENVILLE.

Seventh Ohio, Col. E. B. Tyler.

RIPLEY.

Twenty-first Ohio Volunteers, Col. J. S. Norton.

EN ROUTE BY THE KANAWHA.

Brigadier Gen. Cox.

Eighth Ohio Volunteers, Col. Du Puy.
Twelfth Ohio Volunteers, Col. J. W. Lowe.
First Kentucky Volunteers, Col. W. Woodruff.
Second Kentucky Volunteers, Col. W. G. Terrell.

EN ROUTE NEAR SCENE OF ACTION.

Thirteenth Indiana Volunteers, Col. J. C. Sullivan.
Fourteenth Indiana Volunteers, Col. N. Kimball.
Seventeenth Indiana Volunteers, Col. Hascall.

Congress—Extra Session.

SENATE.—Mr. Wilson, from the Committee on Military Affairs, reported back the bill to provide for the transportation of arms and munitions of war to the loyal citizens in the rebel states, and to provide for the expense of organizing them into regiments, &c. The bill makes an appropriation of $2,000,000. Passed.

Mr. Sherman, from the Finance Committee, reported back the bill to refund duties imposed by States. Passed.

On motion of Mr. Chandler, a bill regulating the pay for the revenue service was taken up and passed.

Mr. Fessenden, from the Finance Committee, reported back the bill to provide for the payment of the police force of Baltimore. Passed.

Mr. Johnson, of Tennessee, offered a resolution that the present civil war was forced on the country by disunionists in the Southern States, who are now in rebellion against the Constitutional Government. In this emergency Congress is banishing all passion and resentment, and will only recollect its duty to the whole country. This war was not waged with any spirit of suppression or subjugation, or for any purpose of overthrowing the institutions of the States, but to maintain and defend the supremacy of the Constitution and Laws, and as soon as this is accomplished the war ought to cease.

Mr. Polk moved to amend the resolution, so as to read, "that the present civil war has been forced on the country by the disunionists in Northern and Southern States," and to strike out what is said about being in arms against the Government.

The amendment was disagreed to by ayes 4, nays 33, and the resolution adopted.

Mr. Howe offered a resolution that the President be requested to inform the Senate what instructions had been given to Foreign Ministers with reference to the rebellion. Agreed to.

Mr. Sherman, from the Finance Committee, reported back the bill to indemnify the States for expenses incurred in defending the Government. Passed.

Mr. Grow offered a resolution that the Committee on Judiciary be instructed to inquire into the expediency of requiring the oath of allegiance to be administered to military, naval officers and employes of the Government. Agreed to.

The bill to define and punish conspiracy, was taken up and passed.

The bill to prevent and punish fraud on the part of officers making contracts for Government, was taken up and passed.

Mr. Grimes moved to take up the bill to provide for a new bridge across the Potomac. The bill provides for the construction of a new iron bridge near the present one, and also to repair the present bridge. Bill passed.

Mr. Clark moved to take up the resolution offered yesterday, in regard to the maintenance of the supremacy and integrity of the Union. Bill taken up and passed. Yeas 34. Nays 1—Breckinridge.

The bill to provide for the suppression of the rebellion was taken up and passed.

The bill to provide revenue was taken up, the question being on the amendment offered by Mr. Simons, from the Committee on Finance. Several amendments were adopted, and the bill was postponed.

On motion of Mr. Sumner, the Senate went into Executive Session. On the opening of the doors again, the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.—On motion of Mr. Blair, a Committee of Conference was ordered on the disagreeing amendments of the two Houses to the bill to increase the present military establishment.

Mr. Porter reported a bill dividing Kentucky into two Judicial Districts and abolishing the present Districts, and as amended by Mr. Blair, of Missouri, abolishing the two District Courts in Missouri, and creating one Court in their stead. In the course of the debate Mr. Crittenden opposed the bill, saying it was an abuse of the power of Congress, and an invasion of the Constitutional mode of the removal of a Judge to effect such an object by the abolition of the Court, as now proposed. The bill passed by ayes 79, nays 50.

Mr. Elliott, from the Committee on Commerce, reported a bill which was passed, authorising the President, by and with the advice of the Senate, to appoint consuls at any of the foreign ports where he may deem it advisable to prevent piracy, at a salary not exceeding $1,500 per annum, such offices to cease when internal peace shall be restored.

Mr. Sedgwick, from the Committee on Naval Affairs, reported the Senate bill for the appointment of three skillful officers to report on the construction or completion of an iron or steel clad steamship or battery, and if the report be favorable, the Secretary of the Navy be authorized to construct one or more. One million five hundred thousand dollars is appropriated to carry this act into effect, which was passed.

Also, the Senate bill authorizing the appointment of an Assistant Secretary of the Navy at a salary of $3,000 per annum, and eight additional clerks for the same department.

Also, the Senate bill providing for an increase of the medical corps of the army. Passed.

Mr. Blair, from the Committee on Military Affairs, reported the Senate bill, authorizing the President to accept 500,000 volunteers. Passed.

Mr. Brigham, from the Committee on Judiciary, reported a resolution, which was passed, requesting the President to communicate, if in his judgment it is not incompatible to public interests, the grounds, reasons and evidence by which the Police Commissioners of the city of Baltimore were arrested and detained as prisoners at Fort McHenry.

Mr. Stevens, from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported a bill appropriating $100,000 to pay the police organized under the United States authorities in the city of Baltimore.

The House went into committee on the bill to provide an additional revenue for defraying the expenses of maintaining the Government and defending the public credit by the assessment of a direct tax and international duty.

Mr. Conkling moved that the bill be re-committed to the Committee on Ways and Means, with instructions to amend it so as to provide that tax on real and personal estate provided therein, be levied, assessed and collected in the several States and Territories and District of Columbia, in same manner as the State and Territorial taxes are by local law collected therein. Adopted.

Mr. Stevens, from Committee on Ways and Means, reported Senate bill, supplimentary to the loan act, with an amendment authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to fix the denomination of Treasury notes below $50, which he may exchange for coin, bearing interest of 7 per cent. per annum. If this amount is necessary in order to negotiate a loan, the aggregate amount of Treasury notes not to exceed $250,000.

Duties on imports, tea, coffee, sugar, spices, wines, liquors, and all such excise and other internal duties and taxes as may be collected, are pledged for redemption of debt incurred. Adopted by one majority. The bill was passed.

Mr. Stevens, from the Committee on Ways and Means, to whom the direct tax and internal duties bill was yesterday referred, reported that they were unable to devise any provision which will be constitutional, and at the same time carry into effect the instructions of the House.

The Senate's amendments to the bill for the payment of the Baltimore Police, and making appropriations for facilitating the coinage of gold dollars, and the manufacture or purchase of flag signals, were considered and adopted.

Mr. Dawes, from the Committee on Elections, reported a resolution that Mr. Shiel is entitled to a seat as a member from Oregon, instead of Mr. Thayer, who now occupies it.

Mr. Sedgwick, from Committee on Military Affairs, reported the bill, which was passed, authorizing the President to appoint commandants of Navy Yards from commanders as well as from captains.

Affairs at Washington.

DURING the present session, the House called upon the President to communicate, if not incompatible with the public interest, copies of all correspondence with foreign powers relative to maratime rights, and also copies of correspondence respecting the existing insurrection. The President respectfully declines to furnish the information, from motives of public policy.

The Secretary of War has no information as to the employment of Indians and negroes in a military capacity, by the so-called C. S. A., and has so advised the House in response to their resolution upon that subject.

The War Department is getting its eyes open. All letters accepting regiments, written since the battle of "Bloody Run," contain the following language:

"Your regiment is accepted, with the distinct understanding that this Department will revoke the commissions of all officers who may not prove competent for command."

The Secretary of War has accepted a regiment of cavalry, chiefly raised in St. Louis. It numbers 1,200 men, and is armed with Sharpe's rifles, army revolvers, and sabres. It was recruited by Col. C. A. Ellis, formerly a Texan ranger under the famous Jack Hayes, and is to be commanded by him, under the name of the First Missouri Rangers. The Colonel, who is here, has promptly reported for orders, and is to be mustered into the service on the first day of August.

The Administration entertain no fears of an immediate attack on Washington. There are now around Washington 35,000 men not in the late battle, and the artillery force is much better than before our defeat.

Mrs. Hindale, whose husband is a member of the 2d Michigan regiment now on the Virginia side, has returned to Washington from Manassas Junction. She was at Centerville during the engagement on Sunday, and waited there for the return of the soldiers, looking for her husband but failed to see him. She supposed him to be a prisoner at Manassas. The enemy captured her and conveyed her thither. They employed her as a hospital nurse. On Thursday she procured a pass from Gen. Beauregard and his consent to leave. She walked to Alexandria, where she arrived this morning. Her husband is not a prisoner but safe in camp with his regiment.

Mrs. Hindale reports as being in the hospital at Manassas a large number of our wounded troops. The enemy say they have as prisoners over a thousand of our men. She brings verbal messages from several to their friends, and says the wounded are well cared for.

The offer of liberty has been tendered to all, provided they will take the oath not again to take up arms against the Confederates. The captain of a Maine regiment and several privates accepted of the condition. The others refused.

Mrs. Hindale says the Confederates buried their dead as fast as they could be recovered, and that the enemy represent of this number there are only fifty, but their wounded exceed 1,500. She saw many of our dead unburied as she passed over the battle ground, and distinguished some of them by their uniforms. She says that the force of the enemy at Manassas is very large, and the officers very busy in drilling and disciplining their troops, and that Gen. Beauregard is constantly on the move, going from one part of the camp to the other, and arranging as they said for some great movement. She reports that a large force of the enemy is at Fairfax with heavy guns.

Information was received on the 28th ult., relative to Messrs. Arnold, Harris and McGraw, who seven days ago went in quest of the body of Col. Cameron. The former was sent by the Confederates to Richmond, and the latter to Manassas Junction. They did not accomplish the object of their mission. Mr. Burch, who took them to Bull's Run, has returned and reports that all the dead are not yet buried, and the slaughter on the side of the enemy is greater by far than they themselves represented.

Unofficial information has been received here that the confederates contemplated the planting of batteries on the Potomac at points to command the channel, as a part of their general programme. At Aquia Creek they have five guns upon one battery and three upon another, and while an excursion party from Washington were in that vicinity Saturday, a train of cars filled with troops is said to have come up from the station there, and by way of amusement or experiment, a few ineffectual shots were fired at a distance of three miles from the boat.

The Post-Office Department has issued the following:

Postmasters will take notice that all prepaid letters to soldiers in any regiment in the United States service, and directed to them at points where they have been stationed, may be forwarded, whenever practicable, to any other point to which they may have been ordered, without further charge thereon for forwarding.

J. A. KASSON,
Assistant Postmaster-General.

The entrance of Gen. McClellan upon his duties as Commander of this military department, has inspired troops in and around Washington with renewed military enthusiasm. He has already visited various entrenchments on the Virginia side, and thoroughly examined into their condition and strength, and instituted the strictest discipline among the soldiers in all departments of service within his jurisdiction. Regimental and line officers are made to understand that lounging and tippling around camps are not to be permitted.

The much abused passport system has been greatly restricted, and facilities heretofore enjoyed so freely of communication between Washington and rebellious States have been, so far as possible, curtailed. The effect of this vigorous measure generally is everywhere felt, and the army has begun to realize the presence of a military power which may be safely trusted.

The News Condenser.

— Queen Victoria visits Ireland in the end of August.

— Peaches were for sale in Chicago on Saturday week.

— Another Louis XVII has come to light in Zara, Dalmatia.

— The Great Eastern attracts large numbers of visitors at Quebec.

— The St. Louis Advocate call Claib. Jackson "the Arkansas traveler."

— On the 4th of July, more than 30,000 flags were flying in New York city.

— The city of London consumes more than half a million tuns of coal per annum.

— The duty on foreign salt has been abolished in France, in order to aid the fisheries.

— The bust of John Tyler, the traitor, has been removed from the rotunda of the Capitol.

— John Brown, Jr., has resolved to enter the army, probably under Montgomery, in Kansas.

— That dreaded malady, diptheria, it appears, still lingers in some sections of Orange county.

— The excess of females over the males in England, as appears by the late census, is 514,041.

— The recently appointed Secretary of New Mexico, Miguel Otero, has been rejected by the Senate.

— General Lyon has telegraphed for reinforcements. The rebel force opposed to him is increasing.

— The business of planting oysters in the bays of France and England has proved very successful.

— Queen Victoria will visit Dublin on the 16th inst. She will remain in Ireland for several weeks.

— The citizens of St. Louis are getting up a testimonial for Col. Siegel, for his gallantry at Carthage.

— The Parliament buildings in Toronto had a narrow escape from destruction by fire on Thursday week.

— John T. Winslow, of Westbrook, Me., has one strawberry plant which produced 250 berries this season.

— Hon. Herschel V. Johnson is on the stump in Georgia, urging subscriptions to the Confederate loan.

— It is said that the peach crop in Ohio is almost entirely cut off, but grapes promise an abundant yield.

— A little Chinese boy, brought to France by one of the regiments, was publicly baptized at Strasburg.

— The health of the Pope has sensibly improved. It is supposed that he has an affection of the heart.

— The crops in Kansas promise splendidly this year. The prospect has not been so good for several years.

— By the recent census the population of London is found to be 2,803,054—an increase of 440,798 upon 1851.

— The comet was seen in England, Ireland, and France, on the 30th of June—same evening as in New York.

— On the 4th of July several secession flags were displayed on American ships lying in the docks at Liverpool.

— Six hundred thousand men are deemed necessary by the French Government for the defence of the Empire.

— Both Houses of Congress are still in session, maturing important measures for the prosecution of the war.

— Extraordinary exertion will be made in the Western States this fall to manufacture sugar from sorghum.

— The Oswego Times says that the rebel General Garnett was formerly stationed at Fort Ontario, in that city.

— The Postoffice Department will save some three millions this year by refusing to send mails in the rebel States.

— The Cape Ann Advertiser announces the arrival of 240 barrels of mackerel from the Bay, the first of the season.

— At Birmingham, Conn., there is a machine for making brass chains. It works as if endowed with human instinct.

— The Bank of Upper Canada reports a loss of $1,250,000 by bad debts at Toronto, Quebec, Chatham, and other places.

— The English authorities have refused to allow Blondin to show off his child in a dangerous exploit on the tight rope.

— The cotton mills in several districts in England are running on short time, in consequence of the depression of the trade.

— The Spanish Ministry has promptly acceded to the demand of Secretary Seward for the return of the Sumter's prizes.

— Since the port of Hakodadi, in Japan, has been opened to foreign trade, its population has increased from 12,000 to 28,000.

— Mr. Thompson, of the Glen House, succeeded in reaching the summit of Mount Washington with a horse and wagon.

— A new rifled gun has been tried at Shoeburyness, Eng., which carries a ball weighing one hundred and forty-five pounds.

— Gold has been discovered in Ontonagon county, Mich., the yield being about one hundred and thirty dollars to a tun of rock.

— The demise of Gov. Ellis places Henry Toole Clarke, Esq., Speaker of the Senate, in the Executive Chair of North Carolina.

— The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser says, "during the past six weeks, no less than 150 papers have suspended publication."

— A new expedition to the Arctic regions is about to be undertaken by Captain W. Parker Snow, in a vessel of forty-five tuns.

— In Paris a large machine-making establishment is being constructed, in which electricity will be the only power employed.

— Two of the 32 pounders at the battery at Cairo have been named respectively John C. Fremont and Parson Brownlow.

— It is reported that Prince Napoleon and his wife Clothilde arrived at Halifax on the 22d ult., in the steamer Jerome Bonaparte.

— New York merchants look forward to half of a fall's business, says the dry-goods reporter of the Commercial Advertiser.

— Louis Kossuth has left England, it is said, permanently. The Trieste Gazette reports him as having taken a villa on Lake Como.

— The Tuilleries—or rather the southern wing of the palace—is under repair. The cost is estimated at 40,000,000f. ($8,000,000.)

— Nothing has yet been done toward re-building Sebastopol, and its appearance differs but slightly from its state at the end of the seige.

— A careful investigation shows that, during the flag fever, not less than 17,000 flags were made by the principal dealers in New York city.

— The great underground railway in London, to connect all the railways of that metropolis, is being constructed with unflagging energy.

— The Saratogian says that the hotel keepers there do not expect to make anything this year, but they do not spare trouble or expense.

— Edwin A. Stevens is building an iron steamer at Philadelphia, which he intends to present to the Government. It will cost him $60,000.

— On the 23d of April a large instalment of the Chinese indemnity was paid into the Government Bank at Canton by the Chinese authorities.

— The Ingham University of Le Roy, N. Y., have conferred upon Gen. George B. McClellan, the hero of Western Virginia, the degree of LL. D.

— The Administration is about to call into service all sound and fast sailing vessels in Boston and New York, to be commanded by regular naval officers.

— John G. Richards, who recently died at Manchester, Vt., at the age of 84, had resided in that town 80 years, arriving on an open sled in the winter of 1780.

— During the late passage of the steamer City of Baltimore to New York from Liverpool, she passed about 50 icebergs, some of them more than 300 feet in height.

— The Cincinnati Gazette says that one good effect of the blockade of the Mississippi river is the stoppage of the mosquito migration from the Southern country.

ABOUT ADVERTISING.

FACTS FOR BUSINESS MEN.

As the season for Trade is again at hand, we would remind those who wish to Do Business the present Autumn and Fall, that the Rural New-Yorker possesses extraordinary advantages as an Advertising Medium, its *actual circulation* exceeding by at least 20,000 that of *any other* paper published in this State or section of the Union (out of New York city.)

In addition to its immense circulation among the best portion of the Rural Population, (more particularly in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, &c.,) it is taken by thousands of Business and Professional Men in Villages and Cities from Canada to California, and Maine to Minnesota. Hence, it is the medium through which to reach, at once, **Tens of Thousands** of the most enterprising, progressive and wealthy Farmers, Horticulturists, &c., and hosts of Merchants, Mechanics, Manufacturers and Professional Men. Its pages are unquestionably the best and cheapest channel on this Continent for the Business Cards and Announcements of all who wish to address the **Agricultural and Horticultural Public**,—such as Dealers in Implements and Machinery,—Fruit Trees, Shrubs, Plants and Flowers,—Seeds and Fertilizers,—Improved Stock, Real Estate, &c.,—as well as for leading Publishers and Booksellers, (especially of standard and practical works,) Wholesale Dealers, Manufacturers, Educational Institutions, Land, Insurance and other Companies, Agencies, &c.; and indeed for all who wish to secure *large* and *wide*, and hence *profitable* publicity. The fact that but limited space is devoted to Advertising, and that a rigid censorship is exercised over that department (our aim being to keep the whole paper free from quackery, humbug and deception,) renders the Rural far more valuable as a medium of making known matters of value and utility—for its announcements are generally so new and of such character as to be read and heeded by all interested.

◆

A NEW HALF VOLUME.

The Second Half of the Twelfth Volume of Rural New-Yorker commenced July 6th. Now, therefore, is the time for renewals, and for new subscriptions, whether club or single. Additions to clubs are also in order, at club rates. Agents and Subscribers—and indeed all who are friendly to the Rural—are frankly asked to aid in extending our circulation so far as consistent. In return, we promise our best efforts to render the paper as interesting and valuable as possible—to spare no reasonable effort or expenditure to fully maintain, if not augment, its position as *the Best and Cheapest Journal of its Class.*

☞ The Documents Free.—Specimen numbers of our new volume will be sent free to all applicants. We shall take pleasure in also sending, free and post-paid, our large Show-Bill for 1861 (beautifully colored by hand,) Prospectus, &c., to any and all persons disposed to aid in extending the circulation of the Rural New-Yorker. Reader, please send us the addresses of such of your friends, near or distant, as you think would be likely to subscribe or act as agents, and we will forward the documents accordingly.

☞ Associated Effort leads to success in canvassing for periodicals, as well as in other enterprises. For instance, if you are forming (or wish to form) a club for the Rural New-Yorker, and cannot fill it up in your own neighborhood, get some person or persons a few miles distant to join with or assist you—adding their names to those you may procure, and sending all together. Please think of this, and act upon the suggestion if convenient.

☞ Western and Southern Money.—In the present deranged state of the currency, we are unable to use Western and Southern money, as our bankers will not purchase it at any rate of discount. Agents and Subscribers who cannot obtain New York, New England, Pennsylvania, or Canada Money, will please send us *U. S. Postage Stamps*, as they are far preferable to any uncurrent bank bills.

☞ Any person so disposed can act as local agent for the Rural New-Yorker, and those who volunteer in the good cause will receive gratuities, and their kindness be appreciated

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office,
Rochester, July 30, 1861.

Transactions in our market are limited and changes are few. Corn is in a little more demand and prices have advanced 2 cts. per bushel. Clear Pork has declined $1.00 per barrel. Lard is still falling off, the decline of the week 50c@$1 per 100 pounds. There is more call for salt fish, and we note a slight advance, except in Trout, which are easier and at lower rates.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

Flour and Grain.			
Flour, winter wheat	$5.00@6.25	Eggs, dozen	10@11c
Flour, spring do	4.25@4.75	Honey, box	12@14c
Flour, buckwheat	2.00@2.00	Candles, box	10½@11c
Meal, Indian	90@90c	Candles, extra	12@12c
Wheat, Genesee	1.00@1.25	Fruit and Roots.	
Best white Canada	1.28@1.30	Apples, bushel	50@75c
Corn, old	40@42c	Apples, dried ℔ lb.	2½@3c
Corn, new	40@42c	Peaches, do.	12@12c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bush.	50@50c	Cherries, do.	12@12c
Oats, by weight	25@28c	Plums, do.	00@8c
Barley	50@50c	Potatoes	25@38c
Buckwheat	35@40c	Hides and Skins.	
Beans	1.00@1.25	Slaughter	3@3½c
Meats.		Calf	6@6c
Pork, Mess	$15.00@16.50	Sheep Pelts	10@12c
Pork, clear	17.00@18.00	Lamb Pelts	18@31c
Pork, cwt	5.00@5.50	Seeds.	
Beef, cwt	4.00@5.50	Clover, bushel	$5.00@5.25
Spring lambs, each	1.50@2.00	Timothy	2.50@3.00
Mutton, carcass	5@5c	Sundries.	
Hams, smoked	9@10c	Wood, hard	$3.00@5.00
Shoulders	6@6c	Wood, soft	3.00@3.00
Chickens	9@10c	Coal, Lehigh	7.00@7.00
Turkeys	10@11c	Coal, Scranton	5.75@6.00
Geese	40@50c	Coal, Pittston	5.75@6.00
Ducks ℔ pair	38@44c	Coal, Shamokin	5.75@6.00
Dairy, &c.		Coal, Char	10@12½c
Butter, roll	9@10c	Salt, bbl	1.38@1.42
Butter, firkin	8@10c	Hay, tun	8.00@11.00
Cheese	4@6c	Straw, tun	0.00@0.00
Lard, tried	8½@9c	Wool, ℔ lb	18@28c
Tallow, rough	5@5½c	Whitefish, half bbl	3.00@3.25
Tallow, tried	7½@8c	Codfish, quintal	4.00@4.50
		Trout, half bbl	3.00@3.00

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, July 29.—Flour—Market may be quoted a shade firmer for State, which is wanted for export, while other descriptions are without important change in prices, with only a moderate business doing for export and home consumption. Sales at $4,00@4,10 for superfine State; $4,25@4,35 for extra do; $3,85@4,05 for superfine Western; $4,30@4,40 for common to medium extra do; $4,85@5,00 for shipping brands extra round hooped Ohio, and $5,10@6,10 for trade brands do.—market closing quiet. Canadian flour may be quoted a shade better on all grades, with a fair business doing. Sales at $3,90@3,95 for superfine, and $4,25@7,50 for common to choice extra. Rye flour steady, with sales at $2,40@3,80. Corn meal steady, with sales at $2,85@2,90 for Jersey and $2,90 for Western.

Grain.—Wheat market may be quoted 1c better, with rather limited supply offering, and moderate business doing for export and home consumption. Sales Chicago spring at 85@93c; Northwestern club at 95c; Racine spring at 97½@98c; Milwaukee club at 95c@$1,00; amber Iowa at $101@1,02; winter red Western at $1,12@1,16; Minnesota spring at 90c; and white Western at $1,20@1,25. Rye quiet and steady, with sales at 46c for Western. Barley and Barley malt continue dull and nominally unchanged. Peas remain quiet and nominal at 68c for Canadian. Corn market may be quoted 1c better, with a good business doing for export and moderate demand for home consumption. Sales at 37@41c for heated new mixed Western; 41@45c for fair to good do, and 45@46½c for good to strictly prime do. Oats quiet and in moderate demand at 26@28c. for Western and Canadian, and 32@33½c. for State.

Provisions—Pork market rules quiet and steady; sales at $15,25 for mess; $10,12@10,25 for prime. Beef rules steady; sales at $4@4,50 for country prime; $5,00@5,50 for country mess; $8@10,50 for re-packed mess; and $11,00@12,00 for extra mess. Prime mess beef continues dull and nominally unchanged, at $17@18. Beef hams quiet; sales at $14,75 for Western, and $14,00 for State. Cut meats are quiet, with sales at 4½@5c for Shoulders, and 5@6c for Hams. Smoked meats are nominal at 8½@9½c for Hams; 6@7c for Shoulders, and 7½c for sides.—Bacon dull and prices nominally unchanged. Lard less active, but prices firmer; sales at 8@9½c. for No. 1 to very choice Western. Butter is selling at 7@10c for Ohio, and 8@12½cts for State. Cheese in moderate request, and selling at 2@7c for inferior to prime.

Ashes—Pot are steady at the recent decline, but Pearl are dull and nominal, without sales. Pot brought $5,25.

Hops—The market remains very firm, and with reduced stock and favorable European accounts, prices have an upward tendency; the supply has been recently materially reduced by considerable shipments on owners' account. The sales are 200@250 bales at 15@27c, mostly at 15@25c cash. Old growth have been quiet.

BUFFALO, July 29.—Flour—Inquiry more moderate, with sales to-day of Wisconsin extra at $3,62½@4,00; Superfine do. at $2,25@2,75; Superfine Michigan at $5,50@5,75; Ohio and Indiana extras at $5,00@5,25; double extra do. at $5,25@5,75; fine flour at $1,95@2,25; Illinois extra at $3,00; and Indiana superfine at $5,62½. Rye flour at $2.

Grain—Wheat market dull, with sales to-day of only 350 bu. new white Kentucky at $1,20, do. to arrive at $1,22; Chicago spring at 75c. Corn, sales to-day at 31@31½c, and prime river, nearly yellow, at 32c. Oats, sales at 24c. Barley quiet and unchanged, at 51@54c. Rye, sales at 42c. Peas, last sale at 50c.

Provisions—Market dull, and sales confined to local demand. We quote Mess pork at $14.50. Prime at $7,50. Hams at 8@8½c. Shoulders at 5@6c. Lard at 8@8½c. Cheese at 6@9c for old, and 4@6c for new

ALBANY, July 29.—Flour and Meal—The market opened tame for Flour, and throughout the morning only a limited business has been done, at the closing prices of Saturday.

Common to good State	$3,70@3,90
Fancy and extra State	4,00@4,50
Common to good Western	4,00@4,50
Extra Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana, &c.	4,75@6,75
Extra Ohio	6,00@6,75
Common Canadian	4,00@4,50
Extra Canadian	4,75@6,75
Fancy Genesee	5,00@6,50
Extra Genesee and city brands	6,00@7,00

Corn meal is selling slowly at 94c@1,06 ℔ 100 lbs.

Grain—In Wheat nothing has transpired. Corn steady and in fair request; sales Western mixed at 41½c. In Rye and Barley nothing has transpired. For Oats the market is weak, with sales Chicago at 30@31c.

TORONTO, July 27.—Flour—The business of the week has been confined to sales of fresh ground superfine flour, which has been in active demand, and shows an advance of 50 cents on the week. Sales of upwards of 5,000 barrels have been made at prices ranging from $3,75@4,25, and did stocks permit it, we have no doubt $4,30@4,35 would now be paid.

The stocks of grain, however, in the hands of millers are very light, which, combined with the lowness of the water in the streams, occasions the quantity on the market for sale to be very light. Choice brands of superior extra have not varied, and the demand is limited to local requirements. Fancies are not much in demand, though the stocks held here of those higher grades are yet small. Superior qualities have been in active demand, and have also improved in price:

Superior Extra	$5,80@6,25
Extra	5,00@5,25
Fancy	4,50@4,75
Moderate	4,25@4,35
No. Two	3,25@3,58

Oatmeal continues quiet at $3@3,25.

Grain—The deliveries in our market of Fall wheat have been light, though at this season, when farmers are busy at haymaking, we cannot expect a large attendance. About 100 bush. per day on an average changed hands to $1,03@1,11 for prime samples, and 95c@$1 for ordinary to medium. A few parcels car wheat were sold $1 03@1,05 f. o. b., being a fair medium sample. Spring wheat has been proportionably limited in its supply, with a slight improvement in price. We quote 78@84c as the range of prices at the close. The demand for this grain in Montreal, when in good sound shipping condition, has been moderately active during the past week, and considerable quantities have found buyers at 67@98½c, and in some instances for choice samples $1 has been reached. Barley, little or none has offered during the week, so that the price, 35@40c, is purely nominal. Oats have been in small supply, and are actively inquired for at 28@30c. The deliveries by cars have been large, but the demand continues good. Peas continue very quiet, with little or none offering. They may be quoted at 40@45c.—*Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, July 24.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

Beef Cattle.	
First quality, ℔ cwt	$8.25@8.75
Ordinary quality	8.00@8.25
Common quality	7.50@7.80
Inferior quality	7.00@7.50
Cows and Calves.	
First quality	$50.00@55.00
Ordinary quality	40.00@50.00
Common quality	30.00@35.00
Inferior quality	22.00@28.00
Veal Calves.	
First quality, ℔ lb.	4½@5 c
Ordinary quality	4 @4½c
Common quality	3½@4 c
Inferior quality	3 @3½c
Sheep and Lambs.	
Prime quality, ℔ head	$4.25@5.50
Ordinary quality	3.75@4.75
Common quality	3.00@3.50
Inferior quality	2.50@3.00
Swine.	
First quality, ℔ lb	5½@5½c
Other qualities	4 @4½c

ALBANY, July 29.—Beeves—The market opened quite active, the general impression among buyers being that the run over the Erie Railroad is unusually light—about 60 car loads. The New Yorkers bought freely—some thought a little wildly—at an advance of nearly if not quite ½c ℔ lb over last week's prices. Towards the close the demand slackened perceptibly, and buyers from the East were holding out in anticipation of concessions from the advance established by the New Yorkers. The average quality is quite good.

Receipts—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad, estimating 16 to the car:

	This week.	Last week.	Cor. week last year.
Cattle	2,955	3,030	3,715
Sheep	3,064	3,328	5,216
Hogs	..	..	110

Prices—Advanced ½@¼c ℔ lb. In most instances the sales indicate an advance of ¼c, and we alter our quotations accordingly:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	0 @0 c	0 @ c
Extra	4½@4¾c	4½@4¾c
First quality	3¾@4 c	3½@3¾c
Second quality	3 @3½c	2¾@3¼c
Third quality	2½@2¾c	2 @2½c

Sheep—There is a good supply, but demand light, yet the market sympathizes more or less with the rise in Beef, and the price has gone up—say ¼c ℔ lb. Sales 800 or 900 head at 3½c.

Hogs—Owing to the advance on fat corn-fed in New York last week, the price for that description has gone up to 5@5¼c ℔ lb, at which figures several lots changed hands.

Cows—We hear of several sales ordinary to good cows and calves at $30@35. Six sold at $36 ℔ cow and calf, which is the top of the market.—*Atlas and Argus.*

CAMBRIDGE, July 24.—At market 447 Cattle, 400 Beeves, and 47 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, two and three years old, not suitable for Beef.

Prices—Market Beef—Extra, $6.00@6.25; first quality, $5.75; second do, $5.00@0.00; third do, $4.25.

Working Oxen—None.

Cows and Calves—$30@50.

Stores—Yearlings, none; Two years old, none; Three years old, none.

Sheep and Lambs—2,782 at market. Prices in lots at $1.50@1.75 each; extra and selections $2.00@3.17, or 3@3½c ℔ lb. Spring Lambs $1.75@3.00.

Hides—4½@5c ℔ lb. Tallow, 5@5½c.

Pelts—25c@$1. Calf Skins, 8@9c ℔ lb.

Veal Calves—$0@0.

BRIGHTON, July 25.—At market 1,400 Beeves, 35 Stores 2,700 Sheep and Lambs, and 350 Swine.

Prices—Market Beef—Extra, $6.50; first quality, $6.25; second do, $6.00; third do, $5.50.

Milch Cows—$43@49; common, $17@18.

Working Oxen—$85, $90@100.

Veal Calves—$3, $4@4.50.

Yearlings—None; two years old, $16@17; three years old, $18@19 each.

Hides—4½@5½c. Tallow, 6c.

Calf Skins—8@9c.

Sheep and Lambs—$1.25@1,50; extra and selections, $1,75@$4.50.

Pelts—20c.@$1.00.

Swine—Stores, wholesale, 4@4½c; retail, 4½@6c; fat hogs, still fed, none; corn fed, none; spring pigs, none.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, July 27.—During July, the arrivals of new Fleece from the interior have always been the heaviest, but this year only a few bales come forward for sale; since the 1st inst., only 618 bags have come in—about half for re-shipment—against 5,027 in 1860, 7,394 in 1859, and 7,984 in 1858. It is evident that growers are not yet ready to sell at the heavy decline from last year's prices. The Liverpool sales closed on the 12th inst., showed an established decline of 20 ℔ cent. on English Wools—and other descriptions much depressed. The European markets are quite as low, and lower for many kinds, as ours, with no indications of improvement. In sales we have to report 100 bales No. 1 to extra pulled at 22@35c, cash; a small parcel washed Smyrna, 20c; and 200 bales washed California, 20@22c, 6 mos; and 166 Chilian, Mestiza and Merino, on private terms. A lot of 168 bales damaged unwashed Smyrna was sold at auction, at 3@8½c; and 28 washed limed, 8½@13½c, cash.

American Saxony Fleece ℔ lb			38@40
American full-blood Merino			36@37
American half and three-quarter blood Merino			28@31
Native and one-fourth Merino			22@28
Extra, Pulled			35@37
Superfine, Pulled			31@34
No. 1, Pulled			22@24
Lamb's, Pulled			26@27
California, fine, unwashed			24@26
California, common do.			10@15
Peruvian, washed			18@30
Valparaiso, unwashed			11@12
South American Merino, unwashed			21@23
Do.	do.	Mestiza, do.	16@20
Do.	do.	common, washed	10@13
Do.	do.	Entre Rios, do.	13@15
Do.	do.	Entre Rios, unwashed	9@10
Do.	do.	Cordova, washed	20½@22
Cape Good Hope, unwashed			25@27
East India, washed			12@25
African, washed			16@28
Do. unwashed			9@18
Smyrna, do.			11@14
Do. washed			20@26
Mexican, unwashed			10@12

BOSTON, July 27.—Medium grades continue in demand and sustain full prices. In New York, says the Shipping List, reports from the country are to the effect that farmers will not generally sell their wool at the present decline from last year's prices.

Saxony Fleece	38@40	Pulled No. 1	25@30
Full blood Merino	36@38	Do. No. 2	16@20
Three-fourth do	34@35	Texas	9@40
Half do	32@34	Smyrna, washed	15@26
Common	28@30	Do. unwashed	9@17
Western mixed	20@25	Buenos Ayres	9@45
Pulled Extra	38@43	Crimea	7@17
Do. Superfine	30@39	Canada	20@33

DETROIT, July 27.—The wool market at nearly all the points where it has been open, seems to have closed at once, and we hear of no sales. There is therefore nothing to report relative to it except that prices remain at our quotations, and if anything, with a slight tendency to decline. The Michigan rates are as follows:

For very ordinary coarse lots	18@20c
For common clean coarse fleeces	20@22c
For clean ¼ and ½ blood Merino and Southdown	23@25c
For ¾ to full blood Merino	26@28c
For choice large clips of fine Merino as high as	30@32c
The Eastern prices are as follows:	
Choice selected Saxony Fleece	42@45c
Saxony Fleece	40@42c
Full blood Merino Fleece	37@39c
Half and three-quarter blood Fleece	35@37c
Native and Quarter blood Fleece	31@33c
Common Fleece	28@30c
Canada Fleece	28@30c

Michigan Farmer.

TORONTO, July 27.—There is a good demand for all grades of Wool, but the supply continues very limited at 22@23c.—*Globe.*

Died.

In this city, on Monday evening, the 29th ult., at the residence of her son, S. P. Allen, Esq., Mrs. HA[illegible]NAH G. ALLEN, widow of the late Dea. Marsena Allen, of Mt. Morris, in the 68th year of her age.

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance—Thirty-Five Cents a Line, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. Special Notices, (following reading matter, leaded,) Sixty Cents a Line

☞ Its immense circulation among the Producers and Dealers of the Free States, renders the Rural New-Yorker by far the Best and Cheapest Advertising Medium of its class. This fact should be borne in mind by all Wholesale Dealers, Manufacturers, &c., who must necessarily depend upon the People of the North for patronage.

Traveling Agents Wanted—To introduce Prof. Reimiary's Family Washing Preparation in all parts of the State. Good wages and steady work given. Address with stamp. BRADLEY & CO., Plaistow, N. H.

FAIRFIELD SEMINARY.—$37.55 pays for Board, Washing, Fuel, and furnished Room, for the Fall Term, commencing **August 21st, 1861**, in this, one of the oldest and most flourishing Institutions in the land. Tuition from $4 to $6, and Extra Branches at the usual low rates.

MADAME PELISSE, a native French Teacher of eight years successful experience in one of the best Ladies' Seminaries in New York City, has been added to the present able and efficient Faculty.

For further information, or to engage Rooms for the Fall Term, address J. MATHER, Sec'y, Fairfield, N. Y.
N. B.—*Send for a Catalogue.* 603-3t

SWEET BROTHERS & CO.,
SYRACUSE, N. Y.,
MANUFACTURERS
OF
Mowing Machine
KNIVES AND CUTTER-BARS.

We would call the attention of Farmers to our Knives. They are of a very superior quality, and warranted

☞ Orders promptly filled through the Express Co.

We have the following patterns on hand at the following prices:

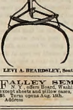
	Cents.
No. 1—Wood's Small Knife	13
No. 2—Hubbard's Little Mower	13
No. 3—Hubbard's Rivet Knife to Screw-bar	15
No. 4—Hubbard's two-hole Knife, 1860 and 1861	16
No. 5—Hubbard's three-hole Knife, 1859 and 1860	15
No. 6—Russel's Knife	15
No. 7—Allen's Knife	15
No. 8—Kirby's Knife	15
No. 9—Cayuga Chief Knife	16
No. 10—New York Buckeye	16
No. 11—Wood's Large Knife	18
No. 12—Ohio and Dansville, N. Y., Buckeye Knife	18

N. B.—In ordering Knives, to avoid any mistake, always take a Knife and mark on the back of the letter, around the outside and in the rivet holes.
603-2t SWEET BROTHERS & CO., Syracuse, N. Y.

SYRACUSE
Music Academy.
THE FALL TERM WILL COMMENCE ON
MONDAY, AUGUST 12th, 1861.

The object of this Institution is to furnish a
Solid Musical Education
In all its branches, practical and theoretical, to those who intend fitting themselves for the profession, either as Artists or Teachers.

For particulars address
H. WILDE or J. M. TRACY, Principals,
603-2t Syracuse, N. Y.



BEARDSLEY'S
GANG FORK.

It will elevate a tun of hay, if not too fine and dry, at four or six forks full.—Made of all fork steel, well tempered and polished.

Warranted not to break or bend by the weight of the hay elevated.

Price, complete for operation, $15. Address
LEVI A. BEARDSLEY, South Edmeston, Otsego Co., N. Y.

FALLEY SEMINARY, Fulton, N. Y., offers Board, Washing, Fuel and Room furnished, except sheets and pillow cases, 14 weeks for $28. Tuition, $5 to $8. Term opens Aug. 15th. 602-4t
Address J. P. GRIFFIN, Principal.

Cider Press Screws, 5 feet long, 4 inches in diameter. These powerful Screws bring out a third more juice than Portable Presses. Send for a Circular. Made by L. M. ARNOLD, Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) Foundry. 598-4teo

A Splendid Farm to Let for a Term of 5 Years.—The subscriber, having been in feeble health for several years, has now concluded to try long sea voyages, and will let about 300 acres (all tillable) of his farm for a money rent. The farm is in perfect order and one of the best in the State for either grain or grass, excellently watered, buildings first rate. As he intends sailing by 1st of October it is important that intending offerers should view it immediately.
602-tf ROBT. J. SWAN.
Rose Hill Farm, near Geneva, Ont. Co., N. Y., July 20, 1861.

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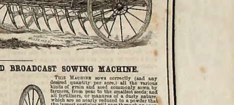

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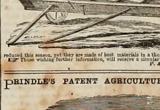

This Machine sows correctly (and any desired quantity per acre,) all the various kinds of grain and seed commonly sown by farmers, from peas to the smallest seeds; and all fertilizers, or manures of a dusty nature, which are so nearly reduced to a powder that the largest particles will pass through an aperture which will let through peas or corn, or which, having once been ground or made fine, and become lumpy by exposure, (as plaster frequently does,) can readily be reduced again to powder, by the action of the "plaster rod," which is a kind of coarse sheet iron saw, which is used in the Machine, for distributing all such manures.

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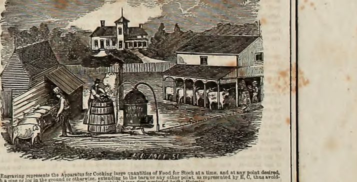

This Engraving represents the Apparatus for Cooking large quantities of Food for Stock at a time, and at any point desired, through a pipe or log in the ground or otherwise, extending to the barn or any other point, as represented by E, C, thus avoiding all danger from fire. This is the principal use for which it was *first projected by the Patentee.*

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Good reliable Agents wanted, to canvass every County in this State for the sale of the above Steam Caldron, for which a liberal commission will be allowed. Terms of Agency can be obtained by letter inclosing postage stamp, and Illustrated Circulars sent if requested.

Address BENNETT & CO., Agent and Manufacturers,
159 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.
Rochester, June 24th, 1861.

What Practical Farmers Say.

The following is a sample of many letters recently received from those who have used Prindle's Caldron and Steamer:

Western, N. Y., June 17th, 1861.

Messrs. Bennett & Co.—The Steam Caldron that you sent me came safely to hand. I have found no difficulty in the manner of using it, and I *take much pleasure* in informing you that it *gives perfect satisfaction.* The quantity of fuel that I would use in one day with the large Caldron set in an arch, will serve the steamer a week, and accomplish the same amount of service in cooking all kinds of food for stock. It also does its work much more perfect, and the labor to attend it is nothing in comparison to what it was when I used the Caldron Kettle.

The real benefit of cooking food for stock of any kind no one will dispute who has ever tried it. I think the reason why it has not been generally adopted is attributable to farmers—that it costs too much trouble. Your Steamer and Caldron has done away with that objection, and I feel that confidence to say that any *farmer* who will try one of your Caldrons will never be without one. Yours truly, A. J. CARMICHAEL.

PARTING HYMN.

"*Dundee.*"

Father of Mercies, Heavenly Friend,
  We seek Thy gracious throne;
To Thee our faltering prayers ascend,
  Our fainting hearts are known!

From blasts that chill, from suns that smite,
  From every plague that harms;
In camp and march, in siege and fight,
  Protect our men-at-arms!

Though from our darkened lives they take
  What makes our life most dear,
We yield them for their country's sake
  With no relenting tear.

Our blood their flowing veins will shed,
  Their wounds our breasts will share;
Oh, save us from the woes we dread,
  Or grant us strength to bear.

Let each unhallowed cause that brings
  The stern destroyer cease,
Thy flaming angel fold his wings,
  And seraphs whisper Peace!

Thine are the sceptre and the sword,
  Stretch forth Thy mighty hand,—
Reign Thou our kingless nation's Lord,
  Rule Thou our throneless land!

Atlantic Monthly.

The Story-Teller.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A LEGEND OF THE GENESEE.

BY JENNIE C——.

While spending a few weeks, last October, with a friend residing in the Genesee Valley, we visited, among other places of interest in that beautiful region, a spot near the town of Mount Morris called the High Banks of the Genesee. I was totally unprepared for the wild and startling view that suddenly presented itself to my wondering gaze, as, dismounting and fastening our horses by the roadside, which in one place passed within a few feet of the precipice, my friend took my hand and carefully led me to a point that seemed to overhang the rocks. Far down, hundreds of feet below us, the river, gliding through its narrow channel, looking like a thread of silver as it reflected the bright October sunlight, with the gray barren rocks, scarred and seamed with the storms of ages, crowned with woodlands arrayed in the gorgeous hues of autumn, formed a scene beautiful and picturesque in the highest degree.

As if to complete the picture, a small canoe emerged from a clump of willow and alder that fringed the margin of the river, like a shield between it and those stern, pitiless rocks, which so completely shut it out from the bright, luxuriant meadows beyond,—like so many earthly joys, which seem so near, and yet stern reality proves so inaccessible.

As I watched the tiny boat slowly glide down the stream, I turned to my friend, and pointing to the canoe, said,

"This brings to my mind some of those wild, thrilling stories which your grandfather used to tell of the Indians, and his own adventures while a captive among them. Can you not think of one now?" I asked eagerly; "this is just the time and place to make it doubly interesting."

"You have anticipated me," answered C——, with a smile. "I was about to propose the same thing, for this very spot was the scene of an old legend, the first Indian story I remember ever hearing my grandfather relate. And, need I say how vividly this place and its associations brings my childhood back again, and my early home. The old block-house has long since vanished, and given place to one of more stately appearance, but which can never inclose within its walls truer happiness than its humble predecessor. How well I remember the place in the chimney corner which, by common consent, was called the 'boys' corner;' our seat, the huge log, that was rolled in at night to form the foundation of the morning's fire; the blazing, roaring flames in the wide fireplace, lighting every portion of the room with a cheerful glow, and diffusing a home radiance, which causes those long winter evenings to seem like so many golden threads in life's tissue, gilding with their memory many a dark cloud that since the days of my happy boyhood has passed over me. But to the story.

"Many, many long years before the white man's foot had penetrated these hills and valleys, there lived in a wigwam, near the spot where now through the trees you see that handsome farm-house, an aged squaw, who had been taken captive, while a young maiden, from a tribe far to the South. Her graceful form and beautiful face attracted one of the most noted braves of the tribe, and pleading with her captors for her life, he carried her to his lodge. By every art which his rude nature could command, he tried to win her love, but in vain. The heart of O-ret-tah was with her home and kindred, and there seemed to be no feeling left there save scorn and hatred for her captors. Although in time, passively yielding to her fate, she became the wife of the Eagle-Eye; yet, when at the end of one short year he was brought to his wigwam a mangled corpse, having been slain by a wild beast he was pursuing, O-ret-tah neither felt nor feigned to feel any sorrow. 'It is well,' she said; 'the Great Spirit has avenged his daughter's wrongs;' and folding her infant to her bosom, her companions saw the first gleam of any thing like love that had passed over her face since she came among them.

"Years passed, and the captive's daughter, the gentle Lu-lil-la, was beloved by all around her. And O-ret-tah, as age came stealing over her, would have had a joyless and bitter lot were it not for this bright link between her and her captors, whom she treated with a contemptuous hatred, which each succeeding year seemed to strengthen. The memory of her blighted life, her murdered parents and brave brothers, seemed ever like some dark spirit brooding in her heart, tinging each moment of her weary life with increased bitterness.

"With this hatred rankling in her breast, it is no wonder that O-ret-tah had vowed to the Great Spirit that her daughter should never dwell in the wigwam of any of those whose hands were red with the blood of her kindred. And one day, as Lu-lil-la was on the river's bank, endeavoring with her rude net of twigs to catch some fish for their noon-day meal, she lost her foot-hold and would have drowned had it not been for Wan-dah, the son of the chief of the tribe, who, carrying her to her mother, was scarcely thanked by O-ret-tah, who indignantly asked, 'Why is Wan-dah ever in Lu-lil-la's path? Why should he, of all the braves alone, see her danger in the river?' With a glance that made even O-ret-tah tremble, the son of the chief drew himself proudly up, and said: 'Wan-dah will tell you why,—his heart is open. Because Lu-lil-la is the light of Wan-dah's eyes, the sunshine of his heart, and when away from her, his heart is covered with a shadow, and his path desolate.'

"Anger flashed from O-ret-tah's eyes, but before she could give utterance to the words of scorn that seemed choking her, simply saying to Lu-lil-la, (who was gazing with wonder at her mother's rage,) 'remember the point of the rocks,' he swiftly strode away.

"O-ret-tah turned to her daughter, and in using her simple remedies to counteract the cold plunge into the river, strove to smother the anguish the words of Wan-dah had caused, but in vain. 'Was it not the chief Ne-co-mo himself who took the life of her brave brothers?' she would mutter to herself at intervals; 'and shall Lu-lil-la dwell in his lodge, and be to him a daughter? Never, never. The vow of O-ret-tah is sacred.' With this thought, the poor, bleeding savage heart grew calm, and as the hour of sunset approached, it was O-ret-tah that first spoke of the point of the rocks. The Indian maiden sprang to her feet. The sun was near his resting place in the sky; she must go. 'I, too will go,' said O-ret-tah; 'I would speak with the son of Ne-co-mo.' Wondering at this determination, she suffered her mother to lead the way. Swiftly passing along, they soon arrived at the spot, where the tall form of Wan-dah was seen, eagerly expecting Lu-lil-la. Advancing towards them, his eye fell upon O-ret-tah; a change came over his countenance, and not until Lu-lil-la had given him her simple greeting—'I am come, Wan-dah!'—did he speak.

"With a glad smile he advanced, and would have taken her hand, when, with rage, O-ret-tah dashed it aside. 'Touch not the hand of the son of No-co-mo, whose lodge still boasts the scalps of your kindred,' she said, sternly. 'Tell me, Lu-lil-la, vow here before the spirit of the tempest that is rushing upon us, that the love of Wan-dah shall be trampled under your feet.'

"With trembling lips, but in tones as firm as the rock she stood upon, the captive's daughter answered, 'You ask more than it is in the power of Lu-lil-la to do; her heart is already Wan-dah's, and the daughter of Eagle-Eye can not be false.'

"With both hands clasped around her daughter's waist, O-ret-tah's voice mingled with the muttering thunder that was filling the air, shrieking in derisive tones, 'If Wan-dah's path is desolate where Lu-lil-la is not, let him follow her!' With frenzied steps she had approached the extreme edge of the precipice, and ere Wan-dah could spring to the rescue, with almost superhuman strength, and with a cry of exultation, O-ret-tah gave a fearful leap, and both captive and daughter disappeared. The wild, despairing cry of Lu-lil-la was answered by Wan-dah's shout of horror, and gazing over the point, he could see their bodies in swift descent, bounding from rock to rock. It was too much; reason fled; the spirit of madness took possession of Wan'dah's heart, and the agonizing cry of Lu-lil-la was all that thenceforth escaped his lips. And ever after, when the storm king reigned, and the peals of thunder filled the air, the form of Wan-dah would be seen at the Point of Rocks, and his cry of Lu-lil-la rise above the tempest. But this could not always last. Twelve moons had waxed and waned, the sun was once more approaching his golden bed, again the spirit of the storm was filling the air with its mutterings, when, as had been his custom since that fatal night, Wan-dah, weak and emaciated, sought the place so full of horror. The savage natures around him, awed by the deed of O-ret-tah, and its effect upon the once brave Wan-dah, when his wild cry of anguish was heard, would repair to the spot, and with superstitious awe bow themselves before the spirit of the tempest. The storm grew fearful, the lightnings lurid glare illumined the sky, and the loud tones of the thunder were blending with that wild cry of Lu-lil-la, when the old chieftain, stricken with grief at the misfortune that had fallen upon his son, and the braves of the tribe, approached the spot which that wild shriek of anguish had made so fearful to all. As they came near, the form of Wan-dah was seen in the usual place, but the cry, so long the only one which had escaped his lips, was changed. It was the death song which now came ringing to their ears, its cadences rising with mournful energy above the howling of the storm. The song ended,—again that wild cry 'Lu-lil-la, I come,'—a fearful leap, and Wan-dah had indeed followed in the path of her whose absence had made his path so desolate and dark, and cast that shadow over his heart which death alone could dispel. Ever after that night, as long as the red man lingered among these hills and valleys, when the storm arose, and the wailing wind, or muttering thunder was heard, there came to their ears above the mutterings of the tempest that wild cry, Lu-lil-la."

◆

THE SHADOWS WE CAST.

A child was playing with some miniature building materials, and as the mimic castle rose before his eyes in graceful proportion, a new pleasure swelled in his heart; he felt himself to be the creator of a "thing of beauty," and was conscious of a new born power. Arch, wall, buttress, gateway, drawbridge, lofty tower, and battlement, were all the work of his hands. He was in wonder at his own skill in thus creating from an unseemingly lot of toy materials, a structure of such rare design.

Silently he stood and gazed upon his castle, with something of the pride of an architect who sees, after months or years of skillfully applied labor, some grand conception in his art embodied in imperishable stone. It did not seem to him a toy, reaching only a few inches in height, and covering but a square foot of ground, but a real castle, lifting itself hundreds of feet upward toward the blue sky, and spreading wide upon the earth its ample foundations.

As the idea grew more and more perfect, the child's strange pleasure increased. Now he stood with folded arms, wrapped in the over-mastering illusion—now walked slowly around, viewing the structure on all sides, and noting every minute particular—and now sat down, and bent over it with the fondness of a mother bending over her child. Again he arose, and purposing to obtain another and more distant view of his work; but his foot struck against one of the buttresses, and instantly, with a crash, wall, tower, and battlement fell in hopeless ruin!

In the room with the boy, sat his father reading. The crash disturbed him, and he uttered a sharp, angry rebuke, glancing for a moment toward the startled child, and then turning his eyes to the attractive page before him, unconscious of the shadow he had cast upon the heart of the child. Tears came into those fair blue orbs, dancing in light a moment before. From the frowning face of his father, to which his glance was suddenly turned, the child looked back to the shapeless ruins of his castle. Is it any wonder that he bowed his face in silence upon them, and wetted them with tears?

For more than five minutes he sat as still as if sleeping; then, in a mournful kind of way, yet almost noiselessly he commenced restoring the box, from whence he had taken the many shaped pieces that, play-joined together, had grown into a noble building. After the box was filled he replaced the cover, and laid it carefully upon a shelf in the closet.

Poor child! that shadow was a deep one, and long in passing away. His mother found him, half an hour afterwards, asleep on the floor, with cheeks flushed to an unusual brightness. She knew nothing of that troubled passage in his young life; and the father had forgotten, in the attraction of the book he was reading, the momentary annoyance expressed in words and tones with a power in them to shadow the heart of his child.

A young wife had busied herself for many days in preparing a pleasant surprise for her husband. The work was finished at last, and now she awaited his return with a heart full of warm emotions. A dressing gown and a pair of elegantly embroidered slippers, wrought by her own skillful fingers, were the gifts by which she meant to delight him. What a troop of pleasant fancies was in her heart! How, almost impatiently, did she wait for the coming twilight, which was to be dawn, not approaching darkness to her. At last she heard the step of her husband on the passage, and her pulse leaped with fluttering delight. Like a bird upon the wing, she flew down to meet him, impatient for the kiss that awaited her.

To men in the world of business, few days pass without their disappointments and perplexities. It is man's business to bear this in a manly spirit. They form but a portion of life's discipline, and should make them stronger, braver, and more enduring. Unwisely, and we may say, unjustly, too many men fail to leave their work shops or counting houses at the day's decline. They wrap them in bundles and carry them home to shadow their households. It was so with the young husband on this particular occasion. The stream of business had taken an eddying whirl, and thrown his vessel backward instead of onward, for a brief space; and though it was still in the current and sliding safely onward again, the jar and disappointment had fretted his mind severely. There was no heart warmth in the kisses he gave his wife, not because his love for her had failed in any degree, but because he had let care overshadow love. He drew his arms around her, but she was conscious of a diminished pressure in that embracing arm.

"Are you not well?" she inquired.

With what tender concern was the question asked!

"Very well," he replied.

He might be in body but not in mind, that was plain—for his voice was far from being cheerful.

She played and sang his favorite pieces, hoping to restore, by the charms of music, brightness to his spirit. But she was conscious of partial success. There was still a gravity in his manner never perceived before. At tea time she smiled upon him so sweetly across the table, and talked to him on such attractive themes, that the bright expression returned to his countenance, and he looked as happy as she could desire.

From the tea table they returned to their pleasant parlor. And now the time had come for offering her gift and receiving the coveted reward of glad surprise, followed by sweet kisses and loving words. Was she selfish? Did she think more of her reward than of the pleasure she would bestow? But this is questioning too closely.

"I will be back in a moment," she said, and, passing from the room, she went lightly up stairs. Both tone and manner betrayed the secret, or rather the possession of a secret with which her husband was to be surprised. Scarcely had her loving face faded from before his eyes, when the thought returned with a single bound, to an unpleasant event of the day; and the waters of his spirit were again troubled. He had actually arisen and crossed the floor twice, moved by a restless concern, when his wife came back with the dressing gown and slippers. She was trying to force her countenance into a quiet expression, to hold back the smiles that were continually striving to break in truant circles around her lips, when a single glance at her husband's face told her that the spirit driven away by the exercise of her love had returned again to his bosom. He looked at her soberly as she came forward.

"What are these?" he asked, almost coldly, repressing surprise, and affecting an ignorance that he did not feel in regard to the beautiful present she held in her hands.

"They are for you, dear," was the reply; "I made them."

"For me!" he exclaimed. "Nonsense! What do I want with such jimcrackery? This is woman's wear. Do you think I would disfigure my feet with embroidered slippers, or dress up in that gown? Put them away, dear. Your husband is too much of a man to robe himself in gay colors, like a clown or an actor." And he waved his hand with an air of contempt.

There was a cold, sneering manner about him, partly affected and partly real, the result of his uncomfortable state of mind. Yet he loved his wife, and would not purposely have wounded her for the world.

This unexpected result—this cruel reception of her presents, over which she had wrought patiently, in golden hope, for many days—this dashing to the earth of her brimful cup of joy, just as it touched her lips, was more than the fond young wife could bear. To hide the tears that came rushing to her eyes, she turned away from her husband; and to conceal the sobs she had no power to repress, she went almost hurriedly from the room, and going back to the chamber from whence she had brought the present, she laid it away out of sight in a closet. Then covering her face with her hands, sat down and strove with herself to be calm. But the shadow was too deep—the heart ached too heavily.

In a little while her husband followed her, and discovering, to his surprise, that she was weeping, said, in a slightly reproving voice, "Why, bless me, not in tears! What a silly puss you are! Why didn't you tell me you thought of making me a dressing-gown and a pair of slippers, and I would have vetoed the matter at once? You couldn't persuade me to wear such flaunting things. Come back to the parlor," he said, taking hold of her arm, and lifting her from the chair, "and sing a play for me. 'The Cream Waltz,' or 'The Tremolo,' or 'Dearest May,' or 'The Stilly Night,' are worth more to me than forty dressing-gowns, or a cargo of embroidered slippers."

Almost by force he led her back to the parlor, and placed her on the music stool. He selected a favorite piece and laid before her. But tears were in her eyes, and she could not see a note. Over the keys her fingers passed in skillful touches; but when she tried to take up the song, utterance failed, and sobs broke forth instead of words.

"How foolish!" said the husband, in a vexed tone. "I am surprised at you." And he turned from the piano and walked across the room.

A little while the sad wife remained where she was thus left alone, and in partial anger. Then rising, she went slowly from the room—her husband not seeking to restrain her—and going back to her chamber, sat down in darkness.

The shadow which had been cast upon her spirit was very deep, and though the hidden sun came out again right early, it was a long time before his beams had power to scatter the cloud that floated in love's horizon.

The shadows we cast! Father, husband, wife, sister, brother, son, neighbor—are we not casting shadows daily on some hearts that are pining for the sunlight of our faces? We have given you two of life's true pictures, not a mirror, but a kaleidoscope. In all their infinitely varied relations, men and women, selfish or thoughtlessly—from design, weakness or ignorance—are casting their shadows upon hearts that are pining for sunlight. A word, a look, a tone, an act, will cast a shadow, and sadden a spirit for hours and days. Speak kindly, be forgetters of self and regarders of others, and you will cast but few shadows along the path of life. The true gentleman is always tender to the feelings of others, always watchful lest he would unintentionally injure, always thinking, when with others, of their pleasure instead of his own. He casts but few shadows. Be gentlemen, ladies, or in a word, what includes all excellencies, be Christians, for it is the Christian who casts fewest shadows of all.

Wit and Humor.

WAR WIT.

The Boston *Commercial Bulletin* has the following in its "Sharp-shooters' column":

"The regiments of the Northern army, it is well known, contain practical mechanics of every branch of trade, as well as artists, merchants, clerks, and men from every walk of business; so that when a commander wishes a bridge built, a locomotive repaired, or a pair of boots mended, he finds a ready response to his order of 'Carpenters, step to the front!' 'Machinists, two paces forward, march!' 'Shoemakers, to the front and center, march!'

In any army composed of such material, the branch of trade from which such companies have been drawn will be indicated to the shrewd observer by their style of expression toward the enemy. For instance:

Printers—Knock him into 'pi!' Smash his 'form!' 'Lead' him well! At him with a 'dash!'

Carpenters—At him 'full *chisel!*' Shave him down.

Tailors—Sew him up! Give him a good 'basting!'

Sailors—Smash his 'top lights!' 'Run foul' of him! Sink him!

Shoemakers—Give him a welting! Peg away at him! Close him up!

Fishermen—Split him and 'salt him!' 'Hook him in the gills!'

Blacksmiths—Let him have it red hot! Hammer it into him!

Painters—A little more lead! Lay it on to him! We're just *the size* for him!

Barbers—Our 'dander' is up! Now for a good brush! Give him a good 'lathering!'

Cutlers—Polish him down! Give him a keen edge!

Bakers—He (k) needs working over! Let's do him brown, boys!

Glaziers—Smash the awful 'set!' Let's do our '*puttiest!*'

Lawyers—Be *brief* with him! Get his head 'in Chancery!' Stick him with—the costs!

Machinists—Set his running gear in motion! We'll start the driving wheel, and he shan't break the connection again!

Bill Posters—Stick him to the wall!

Musical Instrument Makes—His notes are all spoiled! String him up!

Jewelers—Chase him well! Show him your mettle, boys!

Stage Drivers—Whip him into the traces! Touch up his leaders with the *string!*

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For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 167 letters.

My 18, 37, 10, 8, 6, 16, 1, 4, 14, 107, 46, 138, 9, 13, 24, 22, 28, 42, 67, 30, 31 is Mount Zion.
My 92, 52, 54, 120, 81, 122, 119, 75, 60, 61, 73, 35, 45, 43, 152 is Divine power exemplified at a very early period in history, as revealed to man.
My 17, 63, 76, 82, 113, 129, 108, 155, 19, 101, 105, 109, 116 was a song of Israel.
My 51, 160, 33, 56, 157, 58, 91, 164, 123, 154, 182, 70 was a son of Meshellum.
My 18, 161, 159, 66, 167, 20, 112 was a son of Azel.
My 11, 97, 48, 54, 163, 39, 145, 156, 140 was a noted queen of Egypt.
My 95, 89, 94, 106, 26, 93, 143, 86 where, it is said, the Lord dwelleth.
My 126, 165, 144, 78, 114, 127, 133, 78, 142, 88, 153, 134, 15, 32, 53, 38, 7, 166, 137, 84, 6, 60, 139, 111, 130, 74 is one of the abominations that the Lord hates.
My 79, 80, 65, 99, 136, 135, 121 was an ancient city of note.
My 35, 101, 124, 98, 117, 101, 85, 141, 12, 51, 128, 149, 90, 158, 109, 68, 13, 5, 16, 40, 21, 118, 110, 115, 103, 11, 128 is what David thought of himself in view of the prosperity of the wicked before he went into the sanctuary.
My 63, 25, 69, 9, 44, 27, 55, 12, 67, 83, 47, 87, 77, 29, 150, 59 is in sanctification.
My 41, 57, 34, 2, 23 was to whom the Philistines offered sacrifice.
My 14, 72, 65, 147, 54, 143, 110 was cured by a miracle.
My 162, 157, 3, 150, 71, 146, 145, 111, 80 fell from Heaven and destroyed man and beast.
My 62, 50, 125, 102, 104, 73, 28. They are blessed who walk not in their counsel.
My 18, 96, 49, 99, 138, 44, 95, 2, 151, 131—what St. John did.

Troopsburgh, N. Y., 1861. S. G.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

◆

ANAGRAM.

Nyam nme fo naym nidsm,
Anmy disrb of myna dinks,
Nyma sehisf ni het eas,
Mayn eam owh tond egera.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

◆

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 601.

Answer to Historical Enigma:—Sincerity and truth form the basis of every virtue.

Answer Acrostical Enigma:—May-Flower.

Answer to Mathematical Question:—Father's age 72 years; son's age 12 years.

Answer to Geometrical Problem:—620 square rods, nearly.

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